

l, 1895.
ts.
s, and
Monthly
eadings
ready.
ready.
Canto
April.
tions for
ration as
of great
on every
roduced
orks,
oo pp.
each;
CHIL-
on have
y writ.
Lec-
s: En-
n Art
loresce.
lates.
Lec-
g, and
s from
otype
TURE
ugh in
strations
XUM

The Saturday Review

No. 2059, Vol. 79.

13 April, 1895.

Price 6d.

CONTENTS.

CHRONICLE	465	In Portugal	473	REVIEWS:	
LEADING ARTICLES:		Excelsior	474	Popular Superstitions	482
The Heroic and the Vulgar at		The Bach Festival.—I.	475	A Poet Travestied	483
Friedrichsruh	468	Mr. William Archer's Criticisms.		Bourget's "Outre-Mer"	483
Democratic Despotism	469	By G. B. S.	476	Sir A. C. Ramsay	485
The Religious War in Canada	469	Life Insurance as an Invest-		The Evolution of Dogma	485
England's True Foreign Policy.		ment.—VIII.	478	Southey's Letters	486
By E. W. Beckett, M.P.	470	Money Matters: New Issues;		Fiction	487
At Westminster. By Robert		An Over-capitalized Company	479	New Books and Reprints	489
Wallace, M.P.	472	Correspondence:		Reviews and Magazines	489
MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES:		Sir John McNeill	481	ADVERTISEMENTS	490-496
Aimée Desclée	472	Home Office Justice	481		
		The Earldom of Denbigh	481		

CHRONICLE.

THE contest is over, and the victor is crowned or, rather, bewigged. Mr. Gully, Q.C., has been elected Speaker of the House of Commons by a majority of eleven. In submitting himself to the judgment of the House, Mr. Gully made, on the whole, a better impression than Sir Matthew White Ridley. He struck one as being a very good-looking, kindly, old gentleman, who might make an excellent Speaker, whereas Sir Matthew White Ridley seemed heavy and awkward, not at all up to his "form on paper" as the sporting members put it.

Mr. Whitbread, the member for Bedford, proposed Mr. Gully. He did it badly; he seems to be growing old, and as a speaker has deteriorated of late years. We are not sorry to hear that he intends to give up his seat at the end of the present Parliament. He is one of those men whom Disraeli used to talk of as "the whited sepulchres of the House." Disraeli, we believe, used this expression in speaking of Russell Gurney and Spencer Walpole, that Walpole who was Secretary of State for the Home Department when the Hyde Park railings were torn down in '67, and who wept in presence of the deputation that assured him blood would be shed if he despatched troops to restore order. Manners have changed in the last thirty years. Mr. Whitbread, instead of being called "a whited sepulchre," is described now familiarly as the chief "bonnet" of the Liberal party. He is put forward on awkward occasions as the impartial gentleman of known honesty, much as the three-card sharpers keep a rubicund countryman for a similar persuasive purpose. Mr. Whitbread seems to have grown into the spirit of his rôle; he supported Mr. Gully with unnecessary deprecation, as if he knew that nothing convincing could be said in his favour. Exit Mr. Whitbread.

Mr. Birrell, on the other hand, in seconding Mr. Gully, was seen at his best. It seems that Mr. Birrell is a personal friend of Mr. Gully, and he managed to bring the House to a laughing acceptance of his friend's candidature. He accomplished this difficult task with rare tact and very considerable humour. After describing the qualifications which a Speaker should have, and putting them at their lowest, such as honesty, impartiality, and so forth, he asserted that Mr. Gully possessed all these, and went on hastily to acknowledge that probably Sir Matthew White Ridley also possessed them in equal degree. After a pause, he suggested quietly that the House could congratulate itself upon the fact that it counted among its members at least two gentlemen who might fitly pretend to the high office. The House laughed good-humouredly, every member being

convinced that he too might have been selected for the post on these very grounds.

The honours of the occasion, however, must be attributed to Sir John Mowbray, who proposed Sir Matthew White Ridley. Sir John Mowbray is, we believe, the Member for Oxford. No one has ever accused him of being a man of transcendent ability. His name makes one think of the Crusaders; but we understand that it is a name, like that of Mr. Henry Irving or Mr. Le Gallienne, that says much for its owner's choice of word-sounds, and must not be taken to establish a claim to high and ancient lineage. Under a very gentlemanly exterior Sir John Mowbray conceals unsuspected cleverness. In spite of the fact that he mumbled rather than spoke, he contrived to put Sir Matthew White Ridley on a pedestal far above Mr. Gully, and yet said nothing that could annoy Mr. Gully's supporters. Mr. Wharton, Q.C., who would himself make a good Speaker (he has just given up the chairmanship of the Durham County Council), and who is a personal friend of Sir Matthew White Ridley, seconded Sir John Mowbray deftly. So far, honours were pretty fairly divided. But with the rising of Mr. Balfour the contest became significant and interesting.

Mr. Balfour took his stand on precedent, and attacked the Government for their choice of candidate with some acerbity. He is usually so urbane and of such charming courtesy that his outbreak moved the House to wonder. But his arguments were weighty. He drew the attention of the House to the fact that Mr. Gully had never spoken in the House, had never served even on a Private Bill Committee, was, in fact, wholly unknown. That was the excuse of the Opposition for nominating Sir Matthew White Ridley, and turning what should be a unanimous vote into a party question.

Of course, Sir William Vernon Harcourt had to reply to Mr. Balfour. He was unable to defend Mr. Gully by enumerating his qualifications. Mr. Balfour's criticism was too well founded to be met *de front* or refuted. He could only say that Mr. Balfour had violated precedent in speaking on the question at all. All this part of his speech was weak, and the Chancellor must have felt it. For he suddenly changed his ground, and asserted that when Mr. Peel was elected Speaker he was as unknown as Mr. Gully is to-day. The House gaped in wonder at such a preposterous statement; but Sir William proceeded to justify it by quoting a Conservative, Sir Herbert Maxwell, who, it seems, had committed himself to some such wild and whirling assertion in an article published on Tuesday evening in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. This was Sir William's first point; his second was that the Government had wished to make the election unanimous (cries of "Courtney"); it was Mr. Balfour who had prevented this. Mr. Balfour afterwards

denied the charge, leaving the burden of it on Mr. Chamberlain; but Sir W. V. Harcourt had scored a House of Commons success.

Sir Herbert Maxwell was altogether mistaken. Mr. Peel, before his election to the Speakership, had served his party as Whip and as Under Secretary of State for the Home Department. Not only did he bear a great name, which even courtesy forbids us to assert that Mr. Gully does, but he had filled important public positions satisfactorily. This article in the *Pall Mall Gazette* is not the first of Sir Herbert Maxwell's indiscretions. Some few years ago he wrote a Life of Mr. W. H. Smith, in two volumes, which no one, it seems, ever read; for no public scandal followed its publication. Yet in the inner circle it excited most vehement protestations. Sir Herbert Maxwell, it is said, published in this important book a mass of "decipher," important Foreign Office telegrams, which had reached Mr. Smith in his capacity of member of the Cabinet. It was about the time, if we are not mistaken, when Hornby forced the passage of the Dardanelles, and some of these Foreign Office despatches were most offensive to a certain foreign Government. The incident could be passed over in silence, had it not induced Lord Rosebery to send a circular to every one who had been in the Foreign Office service and to ex-Ministers, begging them to return any service telegrams they might have received to the sacred pigeon-holes of the Department.

Sir William Vernon Harcourt made a most impassioned speech in favour of Mr. Gully; but his sincerity was doubted by the House on the strength of a story, known to at least the Liberal members. The tale runs that when Sir William Vernon Harcourt first heard that Mr. Labouchere was putting forward Mr. Gully, Q.C., he contented himself by retorting contemptuously, "Why not Weir at once?"

We regret to be compelled to note that when Mr. Balfour stood up for the second time to make a personal explanation, he was interrupted in the most unmannerly fashion by shouts of "Spoke, spoke!" from the Irish benches. The Leader of the Opposition, however, persisted in saying what he had to say, and so Mr. Labouchere's witticism that the Irish had put a spoke in his wheel was only literally correct.

It was understood in the House that Mr. Chamberlain intended to speak, but he did not rise. He showed even more than his accustomed astuteness in keeping his seat. For had he risen, he would have been greeted with cries of "Courtney, Courtney!" a sharp thrust which might have forced even that accomplished fencer to break ground. The Irish, it is said, regret that he did not afford them the opportunity of amusing themselves in this way. Sir Charles Dilke, it was observed, and Captain Fenwick walked out of the House rather than vote for Mr. Gully. Their position is clear. Mr. Gully may make a good Speaker, and, therefore, they did not wish to vote against him; but, at the same time, his qualifications not being such as a Speaker of the House of Commons should possess, they preferred not to vote for him. A great many Liberals, such as Mr. Stansfeld and Sir Joseph Pease, admitted the force of these arguments, but preferred to support the Government in a critical division rather than gratify their conscience.

The unexpected resignation of Mr. Sweetman, who was elected as a Nationalist for East Wicklow, is in one respect the most important secession from the Irish Parliamentary Party yet recorded. He does not possess the personal weight of Mr. Barry, or Mr. Chance, or even of Mr. Morrogh, who set him the example of retiring from Parliament as a protest against the factional mismanagement of the Party by its Committee. But his protest is more practical, in that he asks for an immediate re-election against all comers as an independent Home Ruler. The Parnellites, who have a third of the voters in the division, are not disposed to adopt him. The Unionists, who represent roughly another third of the electorate, have their own candidate, a popular local gentleman. It is past knowing what proportion of the

remaining third, which barely elected Mr. Sweetman three years ago, sympathizes with him now, or, for that matter, what and whom he himself sympathizes with. He was on the side of Mr. Tim Healy sometime ago, as against Messrs. Dillon, O'Brien, McCarthy & Co. He seems now to have emancipated himself from even this moderate form of discipline.

Mr. Dalziel secured a majority of the House on the 5th in favour of his motion that there should be "a second ballot at Parliamentary elections in all cases where no candidate receives a majority of the votes recorded." Three-cornered fights would necessarily involve a number of such second ballots. Mr. Dalziel tells us that there are twelve members in the present Parliament who represent a minority of the voting electors. Mr. Dalziel is a fortunate man: he seems always to win when balloting for precedence, and his motions usually secure majorities in the House. The only public interest in these motions is that they give evidence of the number of faddists in the present House of Commons. Home Rule all round enjoyed a majority, and now the principle of second ballots has been accepted by the House. Perhaps Mr. Dalziel will carry even proportional representation some of these days.

We hear from St. Louis, through French sources, that differences have sprung up between the Hova Government and the foreign officers in its service. The result has been the resignation of our countryman, Colonel Shervinton. Our neighbours were not unwilling to make a "difficulty" of Colonel Shervinton's presence in the Hova ranks; but where is that keen sense of logic which Frenchmen are wont to regard as a peculiarly Gallic faculty? Are they not themselves employing part or the whole of their Foreign Legion in Madagascar, and are there no Englishmen in that Legion?

The recent perturbation of the French Chauvinists over the employment of English shipping to transport war material to Madagascar, impressed such Englishmen as heard of it at all as somewhat comic. That is hardly the word to describe the French treatment of an incident connected with the same subject. One of the English vessels engaged in the transport service, on its way out with a full cargo, came into collision with a British trader off the Sicilian coast, and was compelled to lie in for repairs. As this involves delay to the Madagascar expedition, it is natural enough that annoyance should be expressed in France. But that a number of Paris newspapers should deliberately suggest to their readers that the collision was premeditated, and invite Frenchmen to regard it as the outcome of another British plot against them, is not natural; much less is it funny.

The late Comte de Paris owed his expulsion from France, it has been understood, to the excesses of rejoicing in which the partisans of his house indulged on the occasion of the marriage of his eldest daughter to the prince who is now King of Portugal, nine years ago. Following as it did the marriage of another Orleans princess into the Danish royal family, the wedding was hailed by these enthusiasts as a sign that the dynasties of Europe were all on their side. The Republic was on the other side, however, and used its power of initiative to so much purpose that pretenders have become a drug in the market. We are to witness now, it seems, a revival of the excitement of 1886. The eldest unmarried sister of the Duc d'Orleans is to become the wife of the Duc d'Aosta, who stands second in succession to the Italian throne. It is taken for granted in Italy that the heir-apparent, the Prince of Naples, who is in fragile health, will never marry, and the slightly older and robust young Duc d'Aosta is treated not only by his uncle, the King, but by the public generally, as a personage of the first importance. That section of French society which professes adherence to the younger Bourbons is preparing itself to believe that France must be powerfully affected at the sight of these nuptials, and there is already talk of announcing to the French people that the wedding has broken up the Triple Alliance, and of claiming for the monarchical idea the credit of the achievement. This seems like

counting unhatched chickens with a vengeance. One possible phase of the affair, has, however, a certain interest. The step-mother of the forthcoming bridegroom is a Bonaparte princess, the daughter of "Plon-Plon," and sister of Prince Victor. It is said that this will involve the presence of the last-named Pretender at the wedding, and the consequent establishment of relations between the two families. But the equanimity of the Republic will hardly be disturbed.

From the answer of M. Hanotaux in the Senate, it appears that he anticipates the completest understanding between France and England from the labours of the mixed Commission at present at work on the Upper Mekong. In regard to the Niger, however, the French "absolutely contest the pretensions of the English Company." As to the Nile, the French position seems to be at once vaguer and more threatening. M. Hanotaux declares that, inasmuch as the Congo State renounced the lease offered by the English Government, "French rights on the Upper Ubanghi basin were acknowledged." M. Hanotaux, indeed, seems to assert that the whole left bank of the Nile from the Lakes to Wady Halfa is unclaimed and unpartitioned: "It is the country of the Mahdi; . . . there are, perhaps, shadowy Egyptian rights, but nothing more."

M. Hanotaux, it now appears, had already asked the British Government to define the sphere of Egyptian influence and the sphere of British influence on the Nile, but received no answer to his questions. Of course every one understands that the weakness of the British case is effective occupation; but now that M. Hanotaux has been told by Sir Edward Grey that we regard the whole of the Nile waterway as within the British or the Egyptian sphere of influence, we may expect that the Nile will no longer be made the mark of French filibustering expeditions. We are glad to hear from M. Hanotaux that France is willing to study with the English Cabinet "the settlement of the whole African question"; but in order that our hands may be strengthened in dealing with France, we should be glad to see such a *rapprochement* or alliance between England and Russia as is advocated by Mr. Ernest Beckett in the very interesting paper we publish in another column. As we have often said lately, France will not venture upon war with England unless she is assured of Russian support. And why should we not make friends with Russia, since nothing but traditional enmities and baseless apprehension divide us?

The Swat river has been crossed, and our forces are pushing on towards Miankalai, the capital of Umra Khan's country. The passage of the Swat was not accomplished without a fight. The enemy, led by Mahomed Shah, brother of Umra Khan, appeared in force on the opposite bank of the river, and seemed determined to make a resolute defence. Their position was well chosen as against cavalry. But their morale has apparently suffered under their first defeat, and the brilliant charge of the Eleventh Bengal Lancers and the Guides Cavalry carried everything before it. Thoroughly demoralized, the enemy deserted their strong positions and fled in utter confusion. Mahomed Shah himself all but fell into our hands. The loss on our side was trivial, whilst no less than eighty of the hostile tribesmen were killed in their vain endeavour to escape. So far, good fortune has attended the Chitral Expedition. Communication through the Malakand Pass is up till now secure, though some anxiety has been caused by reported gatherings of Bunerwals on the line of route. It is obvious that the further our forces penetrate into the enemy's country (and the most arduous part of it has yet to be traversed) the more difficult it will be to keep the communications open. Still, it is reassuring to note the loyal attitude of the different native chiefs, several of whom are pressing the Indian Government to allow Imperial Service troops from their States to co-operate with our forces in the present expedition. It is to be hoped that there are no more Umra Khans on our Indian frontiers needing chastisement. The successes of our troops would be dearly purchased at the price of ruin to the Indian exchequer.

The daughters of royal houses learn, we are told in Louis Couperus's fine romance "Majesty," to read in the papers with equanimity the reports of their betrothal to princes they have never seen or thought of, and even come to find amusement in these idle inventions. It is not often, however, that they get such an opportunity of diversion as Tuesday brought to the third daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh. The London evening papers announced that she was to wed a young Prince Hohenlohe, and obligingly printed at the same time a despatch from Rome, giving the news of her engagement to the Prince of Naples. That both rumours were promptly contradicted next day need not have diminished her satisfaction.

The Imperial Federation Defence Committee have prepared for the instruction of the British people a pamphlet, entitled "Under Fire." This little work shows that the commerce of the Colonies is one-seventh of that of the Empire; and that the proprietors of this seventh contribute no more than one-ninetieth to the cost of protecting the whole. Yet the revenue of the Colonies is nearly one-half that of the Mother Country. Clearly this state of things cannot be allowed to continue; but if the Colonies are asked to take a more reasonable share of the burden on their own shoulders, where, it may be asked, is the money to come from? They cannot pay their way as it is; and one can only wonder what they would do if called upon to defend their own sea-borne trade.

There are many logical objections to the imposition of an income-tax, and still more to the incidental operation of the machinery for its collection; but we cannot compliment the people of the United States upon any phase of the various processes by which the income-tax law, passed by the late Congress, has been combated in the Eastern press, and, finally, almost wholly nullified in the Supreme Court. The fact that the parts of the measure which still stand good in law are those pressing upon the trades and professions, affords in itself a luminous comment upon the whole subject. The rich people of America, whose fortunes are largely invested in such a manner as to escape with a nearly invisible minimum of taxation, fought the proposal from the outset with a naked frankness of selfishness which none of our impoverished lords of the manor would have ventured to display in resisting Sir William Harcourt's Budget of last year. The astonishing decision of the Supreme Court, that to exact a percentage on rents is direct taxation, but to exact a percentage on salaries is indirect taxation and hence permissible, gives an appropriate point to the entire controversy. There is no monarchical country in Europe, not excepting Russia or Turkey, where wealth enjoys the immunity from responsibility to the State and the general public that is given to it by the foremost of Republics.

The March issue of the *New Review* contained a scurrilous attack upon the late Lord Randolph Churchill, signed by "X," which we only noticed to condemn because of its bad English and worse taste. In the April number there appears another paper, signed by "Z," attacking not only the late Lord Randolph Churchill but Mr. Chamberlain; both "Demagogues," it seems: the Lord who made himself Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons in five years, and the man who, whatever may be his motives, has done more than any other to preserve the Union. Now the *New Review* and the writers of these articles are supposed to be connected by various ties with Mr. Arthur Balfour. We only wish to point out that the editor, in accepting such anonymous contributions, does the Conservative cause and its leader in the House of Commons ill service. As for the writers themselves, they are scarcely worthy of serious notice: they belong to the "Young Gang," whose weak heads have been turned by a prospect of success at the polls; "X" and "Z" in particular remind us of the lines in the "Dunciad":

"Next plunged a feeble but a desperate pack,
With each a sickly brother on his back;
Sons of a day just buoyant on the flood,
Then numbered with the puppies in the mud."

THE HEROIC AND THE VULGAR AT FRIEDRICHSRUH.

NOW and then Reality shows us in a single moment the two sides of the shield of life; the one side is of bronze, moulded in noble and dignified figures that appeal to our deepest emotions, and the other is of mud, distorted into gibbering, leering, vacant faces that move us to laughter or pitying contempt. German history is fertile in such contrasts; the German people have never seen anything incongruous in thanking a merciful Providence for giving them a victory at the cost of ten thousand lives and of the misery of a myriad homes. But even Germany has never displayed the heroic and the vulgar in closer proximity or in extremer contrast than the other day at Friedrichsruh. Deputations of students from all the German universities waited on Prince Bismarck to congratulate him on his eightieth birthday, and foremost among them marched nearly five hundred corps students, representing more than a hundred German corps. They drew up like soldiers in front of the modest house, picturesque figures, in the long black horseman's boots reaching to mid-thigh, the white close-fitting buckskin breeches, and the *Justaucorps*. Each band was distinguished by scarves and caps of corps colours, but all wore white gauntlets, and in each right hand was a sword. Behind these three lines of youths, trained to arms and discipline and equipped in the manner of a past century, crowded nearly four thousand others in modern dress—all come to honour the founder of German unity, and the greatest statesman whom Germany has produced.

As Prince Bismarck appeared and moved slowly towards them, the sword points fell in honour, and the unarmed students uncovered. Some moments passed before he began to speak—moments of intense silence, during which, no doubt, the old man's thoughts went back sixty years to the days when he was captain of his corps at Goettingen. He must have thought of those days—of the thirty duels he had fought and of the thirty times he had heard from the umpire that his antagonist had been disabled (*abgefuehrt*), for as the sword points went up again he tried to pull himself erect and begin to speak. The old hero has changed in the last ten years. The shoulders are rounded and bowed; the giant form seems to have shrunk together. But the most ghastly change is to be seen in the face as he stands there uncovered. The grey-blue eyes that used to have the gleam of steel have lost their light: they seem to see nothing; life has ebbed away from them. The chin and lower part of the face, once so bold and resolute, have withered to wrinkled and uncertain outlines; the head has fallen forward on the chest; and the voice—the voice is terrifying. One misses the old metallic ring, it has become toneless; but that was to be expected. What strikes one with almost a sense of fear is that it has shrunk to a little thread of monotonous sound that dies away and begins again with a painful effort, almost as if it obeyed the slow, weary pulsations of the heart. Bismarck's thoughts have evidently gone back to his student home on the ramparts of Goettingen, and to the contrast between the splendid strength and vigour of those days and the deadly weakness of these; for, as he thanks his visitors with faltering words and in that strange voice that shocks with the sense of something outworn and dying, he speaks of "a man of my age," "an old man," and so forth. Yes, that is what Prince Bismarck, Duke of Lauenburg, Maker of Germany, is now—"a poor old man." And as the students listen to him, straining their ears to catch each word, tears flood their eyes in spite of their warlike accoutrements. But the old man compels himself to speak to them; his indomitable will summons life back again; the voice grows clearer as he goes on, and the words flow uninterrupted by those terrible pauses. The figure is erect and the head upheld as he tells them of their duty to the State, and warns them to hold fast to their patriotism and to the imperial idea as to the centre and rallying point for all Germans. This, he seems to say, is the work and achievement of my life; you will not let the labour and the sacrifice be in vain; "that is my consolation now," he adds, "it is not in the German ever completely to forget the ideals of his youth." Was Bismarck thinking of the advice that the dying

Schiller gave to his compatriots, "Be true to the dreams of your youth"? The Prince went on to vindicate the past. "We had to fight desperately," he began, "for our national independence. The prologue was the war in Schleswig-Holstein; then we had to fight with Austria in order to separate from her; and after that war, every one saw that a war with France was inevitable. It was manifestly our policy not to enter upon it before the newly gathered fruits of German unification had been safely housed. I sought to prevent the war; we had no reason to want it; we had won all that we wished for. To fight out of a mere lust of conquest would have been a proof of Napoleonic light-mindedness. It has always been a praiseworthy characteristic of the German to find his satisfaction in his own consciousness of merit, and to feel no desire for the privileges or the pleasures of a conqueror." As his speech ends the students break into cheers that at first sound strangely inappropriate—"Er soll leben, Bismarck. Hoch! Hoch soll er leben"—but, after all, the words are true enough. He shall live high enough in the esteem and affection of generations yet unborn, and this consoling and inspiring thought led naturally to the music of Koerner's sword-song, and as the challenge rang out, the students defiled past the Prince, a moving fence of steel. And for a few yards, to the corner of his house, the old man kept step with them, carrying his right elbow on his hip, as if his hand too held a sword. This scene, whose pathos and inspiration are understood from the Baltic sands to where the Bavarian mountains look down upon the plains of Italy, and from the forts of Metz and Strasburg to those that guard Courland and the Vistula, seems to us, also, to possess an heroic and pathetic interest.

There was, however, another side to the shield—a ridiculous side. The reverence of the ordinary German is usually lacking in dignity. As the students returned to the station, they passed huge piles of packing cases and crates bursting with the provisions which German gratitude had sent as presents to the true Father of the Land. Cheeses from two hundred pounds in weight to half a dozen ounces: a hundred and forty dozen cheeses of different sizes and sorts; and sausages of all dimensions, from the one twenty-three yards long and of proportionate thickness, that required a crate to itself, down to the one that came in a letter and provided a meal for the birds. Here were over a dozen immense salmon, and there piles of *pâté de foie gras*, cases of apples, barrels of oysters, pots of honey; on this side, a tank containing living carp, on that, tarts and eggs, for all the world as if Friedrichsruh were a beleaguered fortress. Over a thousand bottles of wine, cider, beer, liqueur, and cognac were provided; more than five thousand cigars, with pipes of every shape and quality, and five thousand matches. Some admirers of the great man at Luebeck sent him enough confectionery for the rest of his life, in the shape of a copy of the Niederwald monument moulded in macaroon biscuit. Nor was the outward man neglected: the Prince was overwhelmed with mantles, cloaks, and rugs; helmets, slippers, and swords; warm stockings and hot water-bottles. Eighty-three utterly obscure individuals, burning with the desire to shine in reflected glory, dedicated their photographs to the hero. And literary vanity was not behindhand in the race. Thirty German authors were ruthless enough to send copies of their complete works, whilst eleven others, more merciful, presented him with selected tomes; penholders and inkstands, too, were to be counted by the dozen. The religious element in Germany was represented by a batch of Bibles; and an old lady of self-sacrificing turn of mind, kindly contributed a funeral wreath she had intended for her own grave. Nor did the grateful Teuton forget to provide the hero of the empire with a pleasing occupation for his leisure hours. No less than 120,000 letters were showered upon him in commemoration of the festival. If we calculate that he worked at them ten hours a day, and allowed three minutes for each letter, it would take him about three years merely to read this correspondence. Surely Goethe was right when he spoke of vulgarity as being the besetting sin of the German, and when he praised Schiller for "his freedom from the slavery that binds all of us, the slavery of life's commonness."

DEMOCRATIC DESPOTISM.

THERE are two evils of democratic Government which it behoves the democracy to guard against with vigilant and scrupulous care. Just as an aristocracy often loses power and influence through its selfish defence of class interests, and the jobs perpetrated by the members of the oligarchy in favour of their friends and dependents, so a democracy is liable to sap its strength by such methods of corruption as we have already signalized in more than one instance in the present Government of London. Under the name of outdoor relief, the poorest class may be pauperized and the burden of rates increased to an intolerable degree—witness what happened this year in more than one district in the East End. This may be regarded as the form which democratic corruption in our civilization is most likely to take. There are numberless other forms, no less pernicious and demoralizing, which, too, should be carefully repressed. For instance, County Council advertisements should not be given almost exclusively to some unknown sheet like *London*, owned and carried on by members of the Progressive party, who thus turn a public trust to their private enrichment.

Corruption, however, even though it be disgraceful and widespread, has never been the effective cause immediately responsible for the downfall of a democratic Government: democracies have always been overthrown because of the despotism they exercised; some unwarrantable interference with individual liberty has roused the able few against the many. Democracies, it cannot be too often repeated, come to grief just like autocracies, and for analogous reasons. The will of the majority has always shown itself far more arbitrary, aggressive, and insolent than the will of any despot. Within certain limits the democracy can afford to be the worst of tyrants. It is stronger than any one man can hope to be, and so it can go further in evil-doing than any autocrat. That it has always reached the limit of its power more rapidly than any line of kings, is merely a proof of its excessive unwisdom, and of the virulent haste with which it sets itself to satisfy its desires. As an exercise of power which may be regarded as intolerable, the reverence required before Gessler's hat may be taken as a good example. The insult was a slight one. If you bend the knee before a man who represents the supreme authority, Gessler may well have argued, and find no difficulty in thus reverencing a mere symbol of the State's authority, why make a hardship of saluting his hat or his boots, these being merely the symbols of his delegated power? But Tell found the insult unbearable, and rebelled against it, and events have proved conclusively that he was in the right. Autocrats, it appears, make themselves impossible by insulting their subjects; whereas democracies go on to huge injustice, and expropriations which, if attempted by an absolute monarch, would lead at once to violent revolt. No king that ever sat on an English throne would dare to go through the metropolis of London and shut up one-third of the public-houses without rhyme or reason save his good pleasure. The heads of his officers would be broken, blood would be shed, men would run together in defence of such outraged individual rights, and even a Henry the Eighth or a Charles the First would recoil before the consequences of such an ill-advised action. But what no crowned Henry or Charles would dare to attempt, a majority of the voters and of their representatives in Parliament may certainly accomplish and enforce without open rebellion. All we wish to point out at the moment is that the way is a dangerous way; like many of the Alpine slopes, it becomes steeper and steeper, and ends in a precipice. Injustice perpetrated by law, we beg to inform Sir William Harcourt and his Radical supporters, is a thousandfold worse than the most terrible natural inequality of condition. The poor are, as a rule, accustomed to their position; but to reduce men from comparative affluence to poverty by Act of Parliament is to drive the individual to desperation, and to bring the authority of law itself into disrepute.

Sir William Vernon Harcourt's new Liquor Traffic Bill escapes criticism by its grotesque absurdities. One-tenth of the parochial electors in any determined local

area may require that a poll shall be taken on the question whether all licences shall be abolished, and a majority of two-thirds of those voting may cause all the public-houses in the district to be shut up as soon as the yearly licences expire. This mechanical tyranny is not to come into operation for three years after the Act is passed; but three years are a short lease of life for a man who has perhaps taken twenty years to build up a large business. And what is to be said for the one-third of the voters who may thus be put to great personal inconvenience because their neighbours wish to diminish an acknowledged evil? This Bill is too grotesque a measure to be taken seriously. Fortunately it stands no chance of becoming law. The novelty of the Bill is embodied in a clause of an exquisite humour. Should a district desire to limit the number of licences, a bare majority of voters will suffice; at the end of a year all licences will determine, exactly as if total prohibition had been carried; but the magistrates are empowered to issue a number of new licences not exceeding three-fourths of those abolished. The magistrates, however, are not bound to issue that or any other proportion of new licences. Let us suppose that a district has declared in favour of a restriction of public-houses, and let us give Sir William Vernon Harcourt the benefit of every doubt, and take it for granted that the magistrates issuing three out of the four new licences, do their best to suppress that one in every four public-houses which has been the least satisfactorily conducted in the past. These magistrates will find themselves in a new difficulty. They will discover four or five public-houses close together, and all admirably conducted, because of the whip of great competition, rival brewers, distillers, &c., and one public-house in a street all by itself very badly conducted. Will they thin out at the cost of an honest man, or put an end to the inferior public-house that supplies inadequately a manifest public need? A thousand other questions spring to the lips, but they may be dismissed; the point of the whole matter is this: the number of public-houses in certain districts should be diminished, fair compensation should be afforded in every case to the expropriated. Something like half of that compensation should be contributed by the virtuous taxpayers, and the other half should be paid by a tax levied upon the public-houses that are allowed to remain and enjoy the increased trade. In fact, we want this Bill to be framed by a man of great practical ability and immense business experience like Mr. Chamberlain, and not by a theoretical politician like Sir William Vernon Harcourt, who will give the publican a short notice instead of compensation, and will rob an honest man by a chance majority of the hysterical.

THE RELIGIOUS WAR IN CANADA.

FROM the formation of the Dominion of Canada, nearly thirty years ago, it has taxed the ingenuity of successive groups of managing politicians to prevent the religious question from becoming the chief issue in Canadian politics. The natural line of cleavage between the men of Old-French blood and those of British ancestry, or, in other words, between Catholic Quebec and Protestant Ontario, has always occupied by far the most conspicuous place in the thoughts and feelings of the Canadian public, and it is over that, in preference to all other conceivable pretexts for division, that their own impulses would always prompt them to fight at the polling-booths. The present Parliamentary crisis in the Dominion borrows an exceptional interest, therefore, from the fact that it is the direct outcome of this long-standing racial and religious rivalry. At last the party leaders' resources of compromise have failed, and their little devices of artificial partisan issues and manufactured burning questions are at an end. When the general election, which cannot now be postponed very long, comes, the battle must be waged frankly between Protestants and Roman Catholics. What was dreaded from the outset has finally come to pass.

The trouble began in the relatively new province of Manitoba, under circumstances curiously analogous to those which made Kansas the original battleground of the slavery war in the States. There the rivalry between the settlers from Missouri and other Southern States and the colonists from the free North,

created a situation which neither of the older sections welcomed, but which all the same they could not ignore, and which eventually drew them into open combat. In the same way, the immigrants from Protestant Ontario and Catholic Quebec have precipitated upon the newly broken prairies of Manitoba a struggle which the two mother provinces may deplore but cannot keep out of. By the Census of 1891, the Protestants in Manitoba outnumbered the Catholics in the proportion of 115 to 20. The Provincial Legislature in 1890 passed two Educational Acts, the effect of which was to deprive the Catholic minority of its rights to maintain denominational schools, to obtain for these schools a proportional share of public grants, and to claim exemption from taxation for the support of other schools. We speak of these as "rights," because until 1890 they had been recognized by law as such. After a long agitation, the present Dominion Ministry has taken the view that they were "rights," and has annulled the action of the Manitoba Legislature. The excitement created by this action runs so high in Ontario, and the Orange lodges and press have pounded the ecclesiastical drum with such vehemence and to such purpose, that it is taken for granted the Ministry must dissolve Parliament very soon after its opening on the 18th inst., even if they are not met by it with a vote of no confidence. Some of the Ministers, among them the younger Sir Charles Tupper, were strongly in favour of an immediate appeal to the country. In any case it is apparent, not only that the election cannot be long deferred, but that no other question will be allowed this time to get in the way of the direct religious issue.

It may be asked why, when the British or at least Protestant elements in the Dominion outnumber the French in the proportion of twenty-nine to twenty, this contest, so long regarded as inevitable, should not have been fought out years ago. The answer involves a high compliment to the public men, Colonial and British alike, who have contrived heretofore to stave off such a struggle, and provides us at home with an excellent reason for not taking sides hastily in it now that it has come. The truth is that the French Canadian priesthood are the staunchest and most powerful friends of the Imperial connection that the Dominion contains. There have been many times when, if it had rested solely with the Canadians of British origin, all British North America might without much difficulty have been swept away from the Crown and into the embrace of the United States. But there has never been any time when the French Canadian priests, and all the submissive hosts whom they control, have wavered in the slightest from their unvarying loyalty to British rule. This seems a paradox, but the explanation lies quite upon the surface. When England conquered and annexed French Canada, her statesmen, whether by policy or mere fortuitous inadvertency, did a very able thing. They dealt harshly, by confiscation and otherwise, with the seigneurs and great lay landlords of the province. Only one of the many territorial titles borne by the noble houses of Quebec escaped extinction, and even in this case the present Baron Longueuil is a Scotchman named Grant, a first cousin of the author of "The Woman who Did," and whose great grandmother was the last of the historic family of Le Moyne. But much that was taken from the seigneurs was given to the priests, and the estates and privileges already belonging to the Church were solemnly confirmed to it. This policy bore speedy fruit. When the American Colonies began their revolt, they assumed, as a matter of course, that the Frenchmen of Quebec, whose subjugation to the English yoke was only some dozen years old, would leap at the chance to make common cause with them. They sent a delegation, headed by their foremost Roman Catholic citizen, John Carroll, afterwards the first American bishop of his communion. But his mission failed not less completely than did the subsequent and stormier one of Benedict Arnold, who during his memorable winter march through the Maine wilderness, when half his men were dead from starvation and exposure, and almost all the baggage had to be abandoned, clung resolutely to the chest containing proclamations in French, calling upon the *habitants* to rise. The latter were indeed not unwilling to join the Americans, but their priests stopped

them. Their Church found itself extremely well-off under English rule. It would have been madness in their eyes, for a mere racial sentiment, to yoke themselves up in a revolutionary adventure with the rebels south of the St. Lawrence, half of whom were intolerant Puritans of the New England type, and the rest a non-sectarian rabble led by infidels like Tom Paine and Franklin.

The position of the French Canadian priests in 1895 is precisely what it was in 1775. They have a horror of the common-school system and the general free-and-easy religious attitude of the United States, and they carry this feeling to the length of strenuous personal opposition to all emigration of their flock across the border. Instances are common in the rural parts of Quebec of families, whose sons are really in Chicago or Boston, sending and receiving all correspondence with them through some third party in Manitoba or British Columbia, in order that the local priest may not suspect that they have left the Dominion and visit his displeasure on the relations who remain behind. This clerical attitude of vigilant hostility to the United States is not unreasonable either. The French Canadian at home is the most docile, not to say servile, of all religious devotees. No sooner, however, does he go to the United States, than he begins to fight his priest. The French-Canadian Catholic congregations in the United States are scarcely more than one in a hundred of the Irish, German, and Italian total, yet of the quarrels between parishioners and pastors which annually go to Rome for settlement they furnish nearly, if not quite, half. The Americans themselves have never seriously considered the project of annexation which some Ontario Canadians openly advocate, for the sufficient reason that their Constitution and their system of government render the assimilation of Quebec wholly impossible. The other provinces of the Dominion could take their places as States in the Union with very slight alterations of law and custom. Quebec, with its endowed hierarchy, its clerical school system, and its feudal social structure, could come under the rule of Congress only as a Territory, to be governed like one of our Crown colonies, as Utah was in its Mormon days. The Americans have no desire to undertake a task of this kind, and of course the people of Quebec would be up in arms at the bare suggestion of such a thing.

It is in the peculiar history and character of the French Canadian Church, then, that we find the strongest and most conclusive guarantee of the stability of the Dominion as a part of the Empire. It is the unique position of Quebec and its priesthood which for a generation has deprived the talk on either side of the border, about "manifest destiny" and the "Pan-American" idea, of all practical interest to the mother country. Both Canadian parties have hitherto recognized this, and by tacit agreement avoided anything which threatened to provoke an attack in force by the Protestant majority of the electorate upon the French Church. The apparent certainty that at last such an attack is to be made may have its charms for certain worthy people, but the Empire stands to win nothing by it, and may easily lose a great deal.

ENGLAND'S TRUE FOREIGN POLICY.

SIMULTANEOUS French aggressions in three parts of the world, followed by the declaration of the British Government, made through the mouth of Sir Edward Grey, and by the unsatisfactory speech of M. Hanotaux in the French Chamber of Deputies, constitute a situation which demands careful and anxious consideration from every Englishman who desires to look a little ahead. Our political difficulties are further enhanced by the atrocities perpetrated in Armenia, which do not make it easy for us to support our traditional ally, the Turk. There can be no doubt that the times demand a strong, definite, unwavering foreign policy, and there can be equally no question that public opinion is in a fluid condition, and that it is so because the opinion of our leaders on either side is too uncertain to afford any reasonable assurance to the public that they know what they want and what they would do, in the not unlikely event of our being compelled to declare our intentions and to give effect to them by action. The Government, with abun-

dant justification, used words the week before last which, if France were in a warlike mood, might lead to war. If we were at war with France, what would Russia do? Suppose Russia were to announce that the cup of Turkish cruelty, incompetence, and oppression was filled, that the Armenian atrocities had sounded the knell of Turkish tyranny, and that the dominion of Turkey must be taken from her and given to another, what should we do?

There are two points of supreme importance upon which every British Government should have unalterably made up its mind, and upon which its mind should be known to all Europe. The first is, are we determined to go to war for the possession of Egypt? The second is, are we determined to go to war rather than allow Russia to take possession of Constantinople? Upon the answer we should give to the latter question the whole of our foreign policy must turn. To some extent it has been a tradition with the party to which I belong that we should keep Russia out of Constantinople even at the cost of a great war; to some extent it has been the tradition of the opposite party that we should not. How far those traditions have been modified by time and reflection, and how far they actually represent the views of the leaders on either side it is impossible to say, because no leader on either side has spoken out. Probably each leader, as usual, is waiting for a lead, and so we may once again drift into a position from which there is no escape but by a war, undertaken to avoid a dishonourable capitulation and to secure no object or purpose, which at one time, had we known our own minds, could not have been as well secured without war. I think most people now admit that the Crimean war was a gigantic blunder. I think that most people will admit that a war with Russia in 1877 would also have been a gigantic blunder. If, then, a war with Russia whenever she advances southwards was, or would have been, a gigantic blunder, why are we asked to believe that such a war in the future would be an act of wisdom and sound policy? We may thwart and retard Russia for a while at a great cost and danger to ourselves; but in the end our efforts and sacrifices will be thrown away, the seat of Russian Empire will be transferred from the banks of the Neva to the shores of the Bosphorus, and Russian policy will take a new direction and Russian character will enter upon a new development. What, then, do we gain by barring the Russian advance to Constantinople, by insisting on keeping there the corrupt, rapacious, maleficent, unprogressive Turk? I have heard many reasons given, but they may be all reduced to these two: that Russia as a Mediterranean power would make our possible foes overwhelmingly strong in that sea, and that planted in the Golden Horn she would be a standing menace and danger to our route to India. I would answer, that of course it is true that any and every country may be a possible foe, but that Russia, finding herself no longer balked by us, would have no motive for hostility. The Russians have no natural enmity against the English. On the contrary, they rather like us than otherwise, and would much rather be friends than foes. It is a well-known fact that in the Crimean war the Russians and English grew to have a hearty esteem and admiration for each other, and each entertained for the other a sentiment of friendship and goodwill that neither felt for the French. I have heard many Russians assert that they only worry us in India and make excursions and alarms on the Indian frontier, not from any wish or intention to invade India, which they say would be a hopeless enterprise, but to pay us out in Asia for the difficulties we plant in their way in Europe. If we withdrew our opposition in Europe, they would leave us alone in Asia. Of course Russian assurances are Russian assurances, and must be taken for what they are worth; but it is undoubtedly a fact that the absorption of Turkey by Russia would lead to an entire reconstruction of the Russian Empire, which would have to be remodelled and built up anew almost from its foundations; that the transfer of the seat of Government from the north to the south would be a matter of the utmost delicacy, which would require the most careful and judicious handling; that the large differences of climate and customs and manners and mode of life would lead to equally large differences in the spirit and method of government and in the opinions

and dispositions of the men by which it was carried on; that the difficulties of combining into a manageable whole the varied and discordant populations of which the Empire would be composed would absorb all the attention and energies of the Russian Government for many generations to come, and would leave them no time or opportunity, even if they had the inclination, to make aggressions upon their neighbours; that the homogeneity of the Russian Empire would be impaired, it would lie open to attack, and many new elements of weakness would be introduced: that all these considerations (to which, if space permitted, others might be added) taken together make it as certain as anything that lies in the future can be that India would be in no more danger of invasion, and our position in the Mediterranean in no greater hazard of attack, than they are now. By coming to a friendly understanding with Russia, who is more than anxious to come to a friendly understanding with us, our security and tranquillity are assured. We could snap our fingers at France, at Germany, at any and every hostile combination. We could quickly settle down in Egypt and the Nile Valley, we could push our interests and claims in Africa, we could carry on the expansion of our Empire when and where and how we chose. We should be safe. At present we are not safe. We stand alone, and standing alone we can never be sure that two or more Continental powers, envious of our wealth and possessions, may not form a league and say, "Come, let us kill him, that the inheritance may be ours." The Emperor Napoleon III. did at one time contemplate such a project, and what has been contemplated at one time might be carried out at another. This is, at least, a possibility which a wise statesmanship would not dismiss without consideration merely, because there is no immediate probability of its happening. But no one can maintain that there are not immediate and great advantages to be gained by a *rapprochement* with Russia. Lord Rosebery seems to be fully aware of these advantages, and to his credit be it said, he has, so far as we know, steadily endeavoured to cultivate the goodwill of Russia and to establish the most friendly relations between her and ourselves. How much this means was plainly revealed by the confusion and alarm which the bare prospect of an Anglo-Russian agreement aroused in France. Such an agreement would quite checkmate French plans and extinguish French hopes. The dainty ladies of Paris would have fallen on the necks of rough Russian seamen in vain, and all the enthusiastic vows of eternal friendship and brotherly love would have passed and perished like the froth on the champagne that was drunk or the smoke of the cannonades that were fired. The filibustering of France would be brought to an end, and we should have a free hand everywhere. I am not suggesting that we should at once invite Russia to step in and seize Constantinople. But I am suggesting that both parties should make up their minds whether we are to be friends or foes of Russia, whether we are to fight to the last gasp to keep her out of Constantinople, or whether we are to stand aside when she makes her next effort to take it, and by so doing secure the immense advantages her friendship and goodwill would undoubtedly confer upon us both in the present and in the future.

In conclusion, I should like to make this one remark. If we are to rely on the Suez Canal as our route to India in time of war, we must make up our minds to occupy and permanently take possession of Egypt. Every one who has been through the Suez Canal knows, but few of those who have not seem to realize, that it is a mere ditch, which by the sinking of a ship, the letting in of sand, or in other ways, could and would with the utmost facility be rendered entirely useless to us for the passage of troopships or ships of war. We should be obliged immediately on the breaking out of war, if we could, to seize, fortify, and garrison both ends of the canal, and allow no ships to pass through it but our own. I need not point out that were we not in possession of Egypt this might not only be impossible but might be regarded as an act of hostility by other Powers with whom we were not at war, and in any case it would be a violation of the international agreement by which the neutrality of the Canal is guaranteed. Yet if we did not act in this summary way, our road to India via the Suez

Canal would very soon be blocked. If that route is valuable to us, we must, in self-defence, occupy Egypt permanently; if it is not valuable to us, we had better clear out of Egypt and the Mediterranean, and reconstruct our policy on new lines. It would then be our interest to take Morocco, which we might secure by handing over Egypt to France and Gibraltar to Spain. In this letter I have raised many large questions, which, of course, it has been impossible for me to argue out in detail, but I trust I have said enough to show that there are certain questions in our foreign policy which we ought to face seriously, and upon which it is of the most vital importance that the country should know its own mind, so that both parties may pursue a steady, consistent, clearly defined, and well-understood line of action.

E. W. BECKETT.

AT WESTMINSTER.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, 12 April.

HERE we aren't. Silence reigns in chambers and corridors and lobbies but yesterday resonant with the expression of a thousand feelings and opinions. Perhaps the hardest-worked man in the whole business has been the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Doing justice to sentiment is not so easy a matter as the average onlooker supposes, and there has been a very large quantity of sentiment wanting to have justice done to it during the past few days. Everything public tends to be overdone; but no reasonable human creature can grudge the amount of emotion excited by the transition from Old Speaker to New. *Sunt lacrimæ rerum*, but while we welcome the coming Gully and speed the going Peel, let us not forget the laborious official who worked it all into shape. Besides, Sir William had not merely the Speakership sentiment to provide for. He had the temperance question on his hands as well.

Yet he did what was right by both. And he did it boldly and manfully. A number of hypercritical people have complained to me that Sir W. wrote out the whole of the Speakership and teetotal feeling in the retirement and coolness of his own private room, and then read the entire thing, openly and with fervour, to the assembled and observant House of Commons. Well, not exactly, yet why not? Would you have had him commit his MS. to memory, and say it off as if it were welling up spontaneously from a heart moved immediately by existing circumstances? I object entirely to such a dishonest waste of public time, and nothing gave me more satisfaction during the past rather unsatisfactory week than to see Sir W., after faithfully plodding through say fifty-eight sheets of Local Option statement, bravely lift the two remaining pages and deliberately read off the moving peroration, not forgetting to turn round, as his manner is, when he thinks he is making a jocular or an affecting point, to his followers, as much as to say, Don't you think I had them there? I do not myself see the necessity for all this perorating in a business assembly. I think it a survival from the times when the House of Commons was a good deal of a display scene for Oxford and Cambridge University rehearsals. But if it has got to be gone through, by all means let us have the honest and unabashed performance so courageously illustrated by the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

How we are going to get on after Easter Heaven only knows. With the closure, of course, you can do what you like, provided your Speaker comes up to expectation, and from a Speaker elected after American precedent and on party lines, you may probably and ultimately expect not a little. But, for the present, ancient tradition may have its influence, and you will not be able, with due regard to decency, to hurry over either the Welsh Church, the Irish Land, or the Local Option Bills. They all "bristle"—I believe that is the correct *vox technica* of descriptive reporting—with points of legitimate discussion, on which our industrious friends, Hanbury, Bartley, Bowles, Butcher, &c., may expatiate long and blamelessly in their congenial *ad infinitum* line.

More particularly, I think, is this true of the Irish Bill. The two others may be said to contain only one principle each. The question whether there should be a "national" religion in addition to the religion felt and professed by the individual members of the nation,

seems to me personally, and on Lord Selborne's express teaching, as futile as whether there can be a "national" head of hair in addition to the cropped or flowing locks of the separate personalities of the community. Still, there the question is, and it is debateable. Similarly the question, as put with really wonderful skill and vigour by Mr. Goschen, whether a majority is morally entitled to dictate its refreshments to a minority, is also a large one and capable of large discussion. But both questions centralize controversy, and offer the prospect of conclusion. The Irish Bill, on the other hand, raises at least half a dozen general principles, each of them going to the very root of the most important human interests.

How is the like of myself ever to get to the bottom of such a business? I have listened intently to endless dissertations on "Adams v. Dunseath" by masters, I presume, of that terrible case, until I have come to the Socratic conclusion that all that I know is, nothing can be known. The Scotch Solicitor-General has made a Parliamentary reputation out of it, which nobody who knows him will either grudge or be surprised at. But how are he and the Chief Secretary, and John Dillon, and T. W. Russell, and my good friend Sexton, who made, of course, the usual supreme intellectual display on the subject, ever to be reconciled on the points they profess and no doubt desire to advocate in common? T. W. has been, in my opinion, peculiarly powerful this week. His point on the non-application of Local Option to Ireland will have to be more heard of by and by, if we ever get to the second reading of that measure; but in the meantime what is to become of his and the Chief Secretary's extraordinary advocacy of landlords' rights? As both Mr. Balfour and Mr. Courtney pointed out, the Chief Secretary, while apparently standing up stoutly for the tenant's right to every possible penny realizable out of his improvements, made an admission, which, to the ordinary intelligence, seems to give away the case of his clients completely and hopelessly. A tenant, by cheaply draining a bog, raises the value of the resulting field from a shilling to a pound an acre. Mr. Morley says the landlord must have a share of the added nineteen shillings, and T. W. backs him up.

But why? naturally ask extreme Irishmen and exact reasoners. What is there in bogs, Serbonian or other, that should deprive improving tenants of their otherwise conceded rights to whatever they can add to prairie value? Yet this is only one out of a score of argumentative difficulties in which the professed friends of the Irish tenant are involved with each other, to say nothing of the perfectly good controversial case which the advocates of the landlord have to state. I look forward with great intellectual interest to the development of the various and inevitable discussions involved; but I must say I do not understand how time is to be found for them and other needful things as well. When my esteemed friend Dadabhai Naoroji claims a fireworshipping vote on the Speakership, I confess I do not see how to stop him; but just as little do I see how this frightful discussing machine is to be stopped or otherwise profitably regulated at all.

R. WALLACE.

AIMÉE DESCLÉE.*

IN that funeral elegy which Alexandre Dumas laid like a flower on the new-made grave of Aimée Desclée, he had tears for the loss of a great artist, but none for the death of the woman. "Elle a bien gagné sa mort," he wrote, and as she had wooed that last of all lovers with the ardour of the agonized, it only remained to her patron and friend "de retarder de quelques minutes l'éternel oubli dans lequel elle va descendre." And now that Dumas has also passed that same way, another seeks to pierce for a moment the mists that have gathered round Desclée's shadowy feet, and to fill in the faint outlines of her memory with the very form and pressure of her life. As the true image of a woman can only be fashioned out of the extent and the expression of her affection, we owe some gratitude to M. Paul Duplan for having published the long series of letters written by Desclée to the most loved and loyal of her lovers, who still preserves his incognito under the name of "Fanfan." Had the work of editing and

* "Lettres de Aimée Desclée à Fanfan." Edited by Paul Duplan. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1895.

assorting this correspondence been carried out with as much ability as zeal, our debt to M. Duplan would be greater than it is. But not even the disorderly plan of the book, nor the trivial style and sentiment of the paragraphs that are sandwiched between the letters, presumably for the purpose of cohesion, can destroy the pathetic interest of the letters themselves. For they are, in an unusual degree, the spontaneous reflection of the writer's mind and mood, gay, like her, grave, like her, drifting ever, as she drifted, between love's sins and love's sorrows, between the art and the man.

Although genius has no biography, Desclée reveals much of her life-history in these letters. She had all that hysterical passion for confessing which touches so many women's lives to tragic issues. Whether it was an aspiration after a conventual heaven, or a relapse into the hell of reckless prostitution, Desclée could not resist the temptation to tell it either to Dumas, who replies, "ne cabotinez pas trop," or to Fanfan, who begins by sulking to save his soldier's self-respect, and ends by becoming acquiescent if not complaisant. "Je suis un monstre," she writes, instead of the welcome he has been awaiting, "un être étrange, une créature incomplète et pourtant mon cœur est plein de toi," and proceeds to give him a description of her new lover. Possessed by this frenzy of self-revelation, she experienced the same delight in expressing her shame that Rousseau had in making a book out of it and Villon a poem. But there was in these last confessors a sordid intention to convert their spiritual infamy into material benefit of which there was not a trace in Desclée. The delirium of disclosure was all she desired, and that over she strove to let the dead past bury its dead. "Au nom du ciel n'en parlons pas"—this to Fanfan, who was urged by jealousy to dwell upon details—"ou bien je me décourage, je me cloître, je me suicide." On another occasion, a question of his extracted the story of her past, a youth of hunger and low vice, for which she desired and deserved to be held blameless. "Ce passé a existé avant moi," is surely the most pitiful indictment of fate ever uttered. And even as she divests her soul of its last garment, the strange duality of her nature with its imperious impulses seems to have been dimly perceptible to her: "Ne me tourmente pas, Fanfan, songe que j'ai le même chagrin que toi."

At other times her letters are full of childish prattle about her artistic triumphs in Italy and Paris, her new dresses, or her pet dog, interwoven with an almost maternal tenderness for her lover. In the later ones the allusions to her health become more frequent. She is torn between her love of the stage, with Dumas and her managers urging her to the creation of new rôles, and a longing for the rest and leisure of a simple country life. Again and again she entreates Fanfan to join her in some quiet village retreat, and forsakes her intention at the last moment to impersonate the heroine of a new drama at six hundred francs a night. But all the time the insidious disease was gaining ground, until it began to sap that wonderful vitality and gradually to turn Desclée's thoughts from the footlights to the grave. The fatigue of her visit to London drained the last drop of her energy, and she returned to Paris a dying woman, although a flicker of hope, a phantom of returning health, seems to have haunted her last hour on earth. "Mon cher Fanfan, je crois qu'on me sauvera. Je vous aime et je vous attends," she wrote just before death found her, as it finds all the great ones of earth, with the breath of love and life upon their lips.

Bound up with these letters is a portrait of Aimée Desclée. It is one of those faces in which the lines of absolute beauty are replaced by an intangible charm more potent than mere regularity of feature. There are the winged nostrils and the sensitive mouth, an assurance of emotional ardour united to an appreciation of the refinement of life; in the eyes something of infantine candour, something of disillusion and saddened memories, while an indescribable pathos, tinged with the possibilities of every passion, lies in the expression of this wonderful face, in whose presence "toutes les jolies femmes semblent insignifiantes et passent inaperçues." To the close observer this portrait is eloquent of the woman's whole nature, swayed by the wind of every impulse, misunderstood and misunderstanding, vowed to sorrow by the mere complexity of her own temperament, now enamoured of

virtue, now yielding to that "nostalgie de la boue," which was possibly a recrudescence of youthful tendencies. At one time she asks Fanfan to embrace his mother while thinking of her, and at another assures him that chastity is impossible in her profession. It may be that a diseased physical constitution reacted upon the mechanism of the mind, and destroyed its equilibrium, or it may be that Aimée Desclée paid a heavier price for her genius than the gods are wont to exact. It was probably a combination of causes that rendered her so absolutely the slave of the moment, whose impulse, whether good or evil, she never dreamed of resisting. No woman was ever such an optimist as Desclée; no one ever found less soul-satisfaction in her creed. For it might almost be said of her that she sinned but for the sake of repenting, for the debauch of self-abnegation, which was to her as much a pleasure as an expiation. There was, however, nothing artificial about it. Her remorse was, like herself, perfectly sincere; the bent of her mind made the simplest pose impossible. In these latter days we talk about our emotions till we have exhausted every pulsation; but Desclée's voluble despair left her sensations as keen as ever, because her emotional capacity was deeper than ours. She had the great heart of genius—this French actress whom the gods loved—that infinite mobility of soul and body which takes the colour of every pain and every pleasure, whether begotten of its own experience or another's. It was this extraordinary flexibility which made Desclée the greatest actress of her day, and a woman who united an almost virginal sweetness of soul with the licence of a courtesan. M. Paul Duplan calls her "une détraquée intermittente," and where all terse descriptions are inadequate, his is as good as any. For in spite of her sins and her sorrows, or perhaps because of them, there was in Aimée Desclée a strain of that nameless finer leaven "ce que l'homme ici-bas appelle le génie."

IN PORTUGAL.

IN Portugal, as in other Southern countries, it is the peasant who embodies the genuine character of his nation. On the farms and in the fields, where he follows a light wooden plough of the antique Virgilian pattern, he retains unspoiled his original qualities, the old-world lore, the countless superstitions, the hardness and simplicity, of his remote forefathers. The traveller who hurries through cities and summarizes his brief impressions of the native in a phrase, has often little notion how wide a difference separates the dweller in the town from the dweller in the country. There, instead of a distrustful politeness, he will find openness and unconscious dignity. It seems as though a kind of aristocratic tradition lingered there, which has been lost, or, perhaps, never existed, in the jostling life of the town.

What strikes one first in the aspect of Portugal is the singular absence of men. It is almost a rare sight to see a male labourer in the field. Nearly everything is done by women: this last autumn, even, women were for the first time called in to help at the wine-presses up the Douro. Why is this? It is, apparently, the growing burden of taxation which drives the men to emigrate. By hundreds, almost every steamer takes them to the Brazils. It is hoped that before long the country will be set financially on a securer footing; then, probably, the exiles will return. But, meanwhile, the drain is constant and alarming.

Perhaps it is that the stronger men, those of finest physique, have emigrated: certainly the men one meets are noticeably inferior to the women. These are often superb types; large of feature, ox-eyed, with ample bosom and muscular limbs, they move swiftly, in spite of the heavy burdens poised on the head, with an easy, magnificent carriage. There is about them a kind of animal grace and equilibrium, an animal calmness and fullness of gaze. Always bare-footed and bare-legged, except for the wooden *soco* in wet weather, they wear innumerable petticoats, gathered up a little below the waist by the *faxa*, a kind of flannel sash. Over their heads is a bright-coloured handkerchief, tied now under the hair, now under the chin; for the ways of tying it and the etiquette which appropriates each way to particular occasions are too mysterious for a stranger to

grasp. Then, if there is something to be carried, a round hat of soft black felt, with a pad laid upon it, supports the jar of water, the basket of live fowls, the bundle of furze, or whatever it may happen to be.

It is a hard life of long days, the life of these women; but though with age there comes a certain severity of feature usual to all who toil in the fields, one remarks also an erectness of bearing in their figures, even of those who are gray-haired, and a sort of simple light-heartedness in their speech and friendly salutations. It is not long before one divines part of the secret of this cheerfulness. It is the sunshine. That joyous, penetrating, triumphant warmth has pierced to the core of these people: a part of their life, habitual and ancient as the mountains which bred them, it has been kneaded, so to speak, into their flesh and blood. One thinks of certain quarters of London; of that region about Deptford, through which the South-Eastern line passes; of the desert of roofs and chimneys, the rows of dwarf houses and little yards, with clothes hung out, blackening in the smoky air, the pale faces pausing from work to look up at the train, the ragged children: it is as if one turned page after page of a miserable story. Only flaring, monstrous advertisements interrupt with strident colours that monotony of dimness. The familiar picture returns to the mind with a shock, so strange is the contrast. Perhaps you have climbed a point in one of those hill-ranges that run parallel with the sea, and are looking out over the wide landscape. The high knoll is crowned, as so often in Portugal, with a chapel; as you lean over the whitewashed wall surrounding its green enclosure, your eye catches the far-off dazzling white of similar chapels set on the surrounding hills. The country sleeps in sunshine beneath you, and stretched at full length on his back a labourer lies on the broad, flat-topped wall. The wood-sawyers in a copse below are eating their noon-day meal: you hear their talk and laughter.

It is terrible work, that of the sawyers; but labour in this sweet stimulant air does not entirely blunt enjoyment. It was our happy fortune lately to spend some days on a "quinta," in the north of Portugal, once belonging to a rich and powerful monastery, now suppressed. A high wall, centuries old, enclosed the church, sumptuous with florid wood-carving, the cloisters and monastery buildings surrounding a court and immense stone fountain, the orchard, and the farm. On the threshing floors one would see women threshing with their flails the maize grown in a valley by the stream; for the quinta is well irrigated, and not even in moist hollows of Devonshire could one see grass of fresher and more vivid green. To the Portuguese farmer water means everything; with a plentiful supply of it, the land will yield him its three crops a year; so it is stored in great tanks and reservoirs, ornamented often with those sixteenth-century tiles for which the Portuguese potters were famous, and panels of which, inlaid on the outer or inner walls, give richness to all their architecture. A farm like this reveals something of the life of the peasants, and certainly that impression of their natural gaiety which we have spoken of was confirmed when one heard at night, long after the English labourer would be in bed, the sound of a guitar, mingled with singing and laughter, from the corridors of the dismantled monastery.

On the Douro, also, when the great, fantastically peaked boats are returning, at evening, from market in Oporto to the various villages up stream, the same sounds of music and merriment travel over the wide water. Twenty in a boat, the villagers sing to the rhythm of the oars, and the succession of boats, bright with many-coloured dresses, is a pleasant picture. Or watch these same peasants on the railway: how they stand at the windows, to inhale the air, to miss nothing of the landscape, however familiar. In England, only children have such a primitive, keen simplicity of enjoyment. But these happy people of the Peninsula are wiser than we; they enjoy their travelling wholeheartedly, at leisure. Not long ago the railway from Lisbon to Oporto put on an "express," which achieved no less, we have heard, than twenty miles an hour. But it had soon to be discontinued; the public, at this extravagant speed, got too little travelling for its money. And, really, a stranger need not, as he always does, complain; for he sees the country at his leisure, and

what could be lovelier, say, than that country once named by the Romans for its beauty "the Elysian fields," between Douro and Minho, in spring when all is in bloom; or in autumn, when the tall cherry trees, on which the vines are trained, have changed colour, and the valleys burn with their crimson?

It is with the vague, infinite murmur of the Atlantic always in one's ears, that the day is spent on this pine-grown coast; at night, especially, the sound comes over miles of forest with a surprising and solemn clearness. The sea pervades the air. Yet Portugal is no longer, as in a former age, the spouse of the sea, inheriting, like England since, the sailor's passion for adventure, and penetrating, first among European nations, into the distant oceans. The days of Henry the Navigator seem to have gone for ever. There is a melancholy in all such histories of decline; but the Portugal of to-day, with a land naturally rich, with a population by no means degenerate, excites also a feeling of wonder. Why is the country not more active, more prosperous than it is?

Here, to conclude with, is a characteristic little incident, which the reader may interpret as he will. Does it betoken an entirely perverted moral sense, or does it denote a fund of generous feeling, the raw material of what might become a fine passion in fine causes?

It was at a village station, a few miles south of Minho. As the train approached it, we perceived, vaguely, in the strong sunshine, a mass of various colour, that resolved itself into the bright handkerchiefs, aprons, and petticoats of a crowd of women and children. The platform was filled with them to overflowing. Then, as the train stopped, and its noise subsided, an extraordinary sound arose. It was the sound of violent weeping, a chorus of sobs and tears. The cause was soon evident. At the farther end of the station was a double file of tranquil soldiers; and between them stood a pleasant-looking fellow in ordinary dress, his hat in his hand. The lamentation was redoubled; children were handed to the man to be kissed: and as he was led along the platform, the women caught his hands and covered them with kisses and tears. Even after the train had moved out, they ran after it, stumbling and sobbing: more appeared from cottages along the rail: and it was some time before doleful cries and waving of handkerchiefs ceased to follow us. Who was this much-beloved hero? A conscript taken from his home? No, this was a convict, condemned to transportation for poisoning. In Portugal, sympathy is always with the prisoner, it seems.

EXCELSIOR.

TO rise in the world, in spite of popular illusions, is by no means an unmixed blessing. The young proletarian, playing happily in his native gutter, scarcely realizes this. So soon as he begins to think at all about himself, his teachers begin the evil lesson of ambition; he lifts his eyes to the distant peaks, and the sun is bright upon them and they seem very fair. The garrulous Smiles comes his way with his stories of men who have "got on"—without a word of warning against the sorrows of success. No one warns him of the penalties. Every one speaks of climbing as though it were bliss unspeakable. And so the young proletarian, finding his limbs are stout and the strength is in him, starts confidently enough, by the way of book or barter as his tastes incline.

Let the epic Smiles tell of the career of those who win. Let no one tell of those who fall, who drop by the way with bodies enfeebled by overstudy, underfed, who are lost amidst the mountain fogs of commercial morality. Our concern is with those who win, to whom a day comes when they can see their schoolmates far below them, still paddling happily in the gutter, can look down on venerable heads to which they once looked up, and, turning the other way, behold the Promised Land. One might think it would be all exultation, this Nebo incident, the happiest of all possible positions in the sad life of man. It may be even, that the man from below tells himself as much. And then he looks round for some sympathetic participator.

With that he discovers, though perhaps not all at once, the peculiar discomfort of worldly success. In his new stratum he finds pleasant people enough, people who

were born in that station, educated to keep in it, and who regard it—perhaps correctly—as properly their own. To them he is an intruder, and largely inexplicable. He knows that any allusion to that steep pathway of broken heads over which he has clambered—for all human success is relative, and if one man rises some other must fall—and which he has found such excitement in ascending, any such allusion he knows will be the mental equivalent to putting his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat. Usually the man from below has a more than average brain, and is sensitive enough, and keeps the Most Interesting Topic of his life to himself. He knows, too, the legend of the Bounder, knows that these people credit all men who rise from his class with an aggressive ostentation, with hair-oil and at least one massive gold chain, if not two, besides a complete inversion of the normal aspirate. He imagines that people expect breaches of their particular laws, and he knows, too, that there is some ground for that expectation. He blunders at times from sheer watchfulness.

You begin to perceive the hair-shirt. To speak in the tongue of Herbert Spencer, the man from below is not adapted to his environment. That is not all; he is adapted to no environment. Though the language of the people of the new stratum is not his mother tongue, though their manners and customs fit like a slop suit, he has acquired just enough of these things to be equally out of his element below. He is a kind of social miscellany, a book of short stories, a volume of reminiscences of *People I have Met*. And that friend, that dear friend, who is the salt of life, with whom he may let his mind run free, whose prejudices are the same, whose habits coincide—the man from below knows him not. There was A in the pound a week stage, 'tis true, and B at the three hundred phase, and C in the early thousands; but in some mysterious way they were all aggrieved. A time came when each remarked in a tone that rang false, "You're getting such a Swell now, you know," and he saw a new light in the erstwhile friendly eye, and there-with yawned a gulf. His friends are not life companions but epochs, influences. And he has worse troubles. One of two things happens to the man from below in his marrying. Either he marries some one down below there, and she cannot keep pace with him, or he marries up above—some one very charming and young, and he cannot keep pace with her.

For by the time he has risen to his highest stratum, and donned the stiffest, prickliest hair-shirt of all, the man from below begins to feel old. He has never been a youth at that level, and he does not know how to begin. The perennial youthfulness of your retired general—who is perhaps half his age again—appals him. You see him watching cricket in a puzzled way—he had no time for cricket—or hanging over the railings of Rotten Row (in an attitude that he feels instinctively is a little incorrect), and staring at the handsome, healthy, well-dressed people who ride by. Theirs is the earth. *His* means for horse exercise came when his nerve for it had gone. The wine of life does not wait. After all the man he has ousted had drunk the best of the cup. For the conqueror, the dregs.

That is the disillusionment of the successful proletarian. Better a little grocery, a life of sordid anxiety, love, and a tumult of children, than this Dead Sea fruit of success. It is fun to struggle, but tragedy to win. Happy is the poor man who clutches that prize in the grip of death and never sees it crumble in his hand.

THE BACH FESTIVAL.

I.

MORE is known of our mighty old Capellmeister Bach than of Shakespeare; less than of Mr. Henry Irving. The main thing is that he lived the greater part of his obscure life in Leipzig, turning out week by week the due amount of church music as an honest Capellmeister should. Other Capellmeisters did likewise; only, while their compositions were counterpoint, Bach's were masterworks. There lay the sole difference, and the square-toed Leipzig burghers did not perceive it. To them Master Bach was a hot-tempered, fastidious, crotchety person, endured because no equally competent organist would take his place at the price. So he worked without reward, with-

out recognition, until his inspiration exhausted itself; and then he sat, imposing in massive-unconscious strength as a spent volcano, awaiting the end. After that was silence. The dust gathered on his music as it lay unheard for a century. Haydn and Mozart and Beethoven hardly suspected their predecessor's greatness. Then came Mendelssohn (to whom be the honour and the glory) and gave to the world, to the world's great surprise, the "Matthew Passion," as one might say, fresh from the composer's pen. The B minor mass followed, and gradually the whole of the church and instrumental music; and now we are beginning dimly to understand how great Bach was. The efforts of the Bach Choir towards a wider appreciation of his music, and, in particular, the intention of the recent Bach Festival, must be recognized as heroically daring. The noble programme especially—it included the B minor mass and the "Matthew Passion"—merits our ungrudging praise. So much for the intention; and as for the carrying out, in the first place we admit that Messrs. Vert's arrangements were in every way admirable. The right persons got the right tickets, and it was never necessary to politely dislodge the usual old ladies of military aspect, who insist on the minute and unessential difference between (say) Row Q, Seat 1, and Row P, Seat 2, and decline to move. The concerts began and ended in decent time, the intervals were sufficiently short, and, in a word, not until we come to the actual performances do we cease to praise. There we draw the line.

The Bach Choir, indeed, had set itself a task far beyond its powers. The B minor mass alone proved too heavy; and this—we say it advisedly—formed the easiest evening's work of the three. Like a Handel oratorio, it is distinctly what Wagner called a "monumental" work: a thing to be heard and admired, as it were, at a distance, not the voice of a man speaking softly to his fellow-men. It need only be sung clearly, forcefully, and in the case of the "Crucifixus" and "Qui tollis," softly, with a certain minimum of expression, and it cannot fail to make a passable proportion of the whole possible effect. Not so the cantata "Wachet auf," and still less the "Matthew Passion." When Mendelssohn exhumed the latter work the world might have known that here was an appeal, of a force and poignancy paralleled only in the Ninth symphony, to the emotional side of man's nature. Later, Wagner made another such appeal; and now these three, the "Tristan," the "Ninth Symphony," and the "Matthew Passion," stand apart from each other and from everything else in the whole realm of musical achievement, unapproached and unapproachable, and alike only in this: that in each the æsthetic qualities are subordinated to the utterance of an overwhelming emotion. The basis of Bach's appeal is far gone in obsolescence; and briefly, his method is the method of the street-corner Salvationist. Christ's physical agony, the nail-wounds and the crown of thorns, the thirst and the bloody sweat—he trusts to bare descriptions of these to lift the feelings of his audience to point after point where utterance in song becomes absolutely necessary to relieve the tension; and at these points he throws in the chorale, now as an awed whisper, now thundered with the whole power of organ and voices, just as the Salvationist, when he feels the moment has arrived, suddenly stops and the brass band strikes up. We have long quitted Bach's century and that century's ways of thought; not the physical, but the spiritual aspect of the death on Calvary now occupies us; and Bach's narrative, instead of raising our feeling to the point at which the chorale is a necessity, irritates and disgusts by reminding us of the vulgar Salvationist, and the chorale, wholly without emotional significance, serves only to retard the movement of the story. This is true also of some of the songs; and thus the various parts of the work are hopelessly thrown out of their right relations. This is irremediable: we shall never hear the "Matthew Passion" as Bach wished it to be heard; and only by perfect singing, a reverent and exalted enthusiasm, and an immense sympathy with the composer, may the work be partially recreated for us. There is more of sensuous loveliness in "Wachet auf" and "O Ewigkeit" to compensate us should these qualities be absent; but in truth all Bach's music is terribly difficult, and there is none in which we demand such high excellence of interpretation. More than any

of his compeers, more even than Mozart, Bach wins the hearts of men, and those that love him, love him indeed. Most of his music is the sincere expression of his inner life; and when one knows his accent, it seems a kind of desecration to publish those tender secrets from the concert platform, unless the rendering reflects his own exquisite sincerity.

Before half a dozen numbers of the "Matthew Passion" had been sung on Tuesday, 2 April, it became evident that the artists, with one exception, were bankrupt of the qualities most wanted. We have a high opinion of Miss Fillunger: in a Schubert song she scarce has her equal; but to treat Bach in the Schubert manner makes him a tedious sentimentalist, and Miss Fillunger did this. Miss Hilda Wilson's voice had not recovered from the effects of a recent illness, and moreover she sang for the most part without the remotest appreciation of the Bach spirit. As Mr. Kaufmann (who took the part of the Evangelist last year) had telegraphed at the last hour that he was desolated because various afflictions would prevent him coming, Mr. Shakespeare undertook to read the part almost at sight, and did it as any one familiar with Mr. Shakespeare's style might have foretold. Mr. Andrew Black, that excellent vocalist, understood Bach no better than Miss Wilson; but when he came to the one phrase in his part which he found vocal—"Weil es dem lieben Gott gefällt"—he spread himself upon it, so to speak, with unction. The only soloist who proved equal to his work was Mr. David Bispham, who merits canonization for his delivery of "Nehmet, esset," and "Eli, eli, sabbachthani"—in the latter phrase, surcharged with unspeakable pathos, he gave us the greatest bit of singing heard in London these many years. The chorus managed to sing most of their notes; but expression was never attempted, and the tone would not be endured in the voluntary choir of an iron mission chapel. The middle register of the trebles was fairly good; the altos were not altos at all, but ladies without voice enough to sing soprano; beneath middle C one could hardly hear the tenors, though their high G made one think of the archangel and the trumpet of doom; and the basses were only offensive when they got above C sharp. The band was good; both here and at the two following concerts Dr. Joachim played the solo violin parts divinely; and Dr. Stanford did his best to spoil all by his conducting. One scarcely knows what to deduce from the fact that on Tuesday, when a late finish seemed probable, he drove band and chorus a pace which ruined (to give only one example) the wonderfully tender final chorus, while on Saturday, when there was plenty of time, nearly every number was allowed to saunter to perdition as it pleased. He absurdly misread the whole work. In the opening chorus the tremendous upward march of the bass, demanding the most powerful crescendo possible, came out as tame and ineffective as a Czerny octave study. With one exception, the chorales were sung forte and accompanied by full organ and band; but the one specimen of unaccompanied singing showed that this, after all, was a blessing in disguise. Though the chorales were too rowdy, the cries of the people had more of the vehemence that makes such tremendous effect in St. Paul's; the question of the disciples, "Herr, bin ich's?" was less a chorus than a cackle; the shout of "Barrabam" reminded one of an inebriated lady's scream for the police. Nothing within a league of fair balance of orchestral tone seemed attainable; whenever strings and wind played together, the strings distinctly had the best of it. In the lovely "O Mensch, bewein' dein' Sünde gross" one only heard the wind as an exasperating echo; and the voices were unbalanced as the instruments, the altos being absolutely inaudible at times. Several collapses seemed imminent—one, indeed, was just averted by the plodding perseverance of the band. It is only fair to say that elsewhere several delightful little orchestral bits, and the delicate treatment of the "Nun ist der Herr zur Ruh gebracht," went far to redeem these and other shortcomings.

But on the whole, the performance was deplorably inartistic; and for this no excuse can be made. It is as idle to talk of Bach "traditions" as to say the work cannot be sung otherwise; for no traditions can attach to a work that lay unsung for a hundred years, and it is

sung otherwise—very much otherwise—every year in St. Paul's Cathedral. To describe the performance given there on 9 April as perfect would be an exaggeration. We object to those fortissimo chorales and to the theological textbook sometimes substituted for a translation of the original words. But the chorus sang with enthusiasm, force, and lovely tone; the tenor soloist should be placed with Mr. Bispham in the Saint's Calendar for his delivery of "And he went out, and wept bitterly"; and Dr. Martin conducted with reverent care and artistic insight. These qualities we miss in Dr. Stanford.

MR. WILLIAM ARCHER'S CRITICISMS.

"The Theatrical World of 1894." By William Archer. With an introduction by G. Bernard Shaw, and a synopsis of the playbills of the year by Henry George Hibbert. London: Walter Scott. 1895.

IT is well that the critic should be criticized occasionally, not only by wrathful protests made in the heat of the moment while his notices are still hot from the brain, but by a cool annual review of his whole year's work. This involves republication in volume form of the critic's yearly output, which can only pretend to such honour in virtue of being more interesting than the day-before-yesterday's newspaper. Unhappily, most of our theatre criticism is born stale: it is hardly sufferable as news even on the day of its birth; and its republication would almost justify the immediate abolition of the freedom of the press. This is due solely to the fact that newspapers do not want good criticism and will not pay for it. Criticisms are like boots: the low-priced ones are scamped, mechanical, and without individuality; the high-priced ones are sound, highly finished, and made by hand to the measure of their subject. Yet newspaper proprietors and editors who would not dream of walking down Bond Street in a pair of four-and-sixpenny boots, will buy criticism which would disgrace the humblest sort of old-fashioned police court reporter. I have known them do the work themselves for the sake of getting into the theatre for nothing, or even let their wives do it on the same ground. In the provinces, dramatic criticism is incredibly bad. The great newspapers of Bradford, Manchester, Liverpool, and Birmingham are, of course, exceptions; but in the ordinary local paper the "criticism" is simply an advertisement which is not up to the level of literacy reached in the commonest kind of commercial correspondence. Sometimes there is a perceptible striving after perfection: for instance, instead of the stereotyped "Miss Smith was good as Juliet," you find "Miss Smith showed talent as Juliet"; but this is rare. When there is a facetious sally, it signifies that the writer is a local wit who expects to be employed, as such, to write the topical allusions for the pantomime, and is consequently hopelessly enslaved by the manager. And the manager does not hesitate to use his power as a good advertisement customer to threaten and dictate freely if the notices are not of the most abjectly complimentary character. But nobody minds. If I were to suggest that an editor or proprietor who tolerates this sort of thing ought to be cut, expelled from his club, erased from the Institute of Journalists, and treated generally like a runaway soldier, or a barrister who has sold his client, I should be poohpoohed for making an absurd fuss about nothing. Things are a little better in London; but even in London papers which ought to know better pay their critics meanly by the line, and make them feel that if they make themselves disagreeable to any person with the smallest influence (and the manager of a London theatre is always a person of some influence), they will probably be superseded by writers who may be depended on to give no trouble. I have repeatedly been urged by colleagues to call attention to some abuse which they themselves were not sufficiently strongly situated to mention; and I have twice had to resign very desirable positions on the critical staff of London papers of first-rate pretension—in one case because I was called upon as a recognized part of my duties to write corrupt puffs of the editor's personal friends, with full liberty, in return, to corruptly puff my own; and in the other, because my sense of style revolted against the interpolation in my articles of sentences written by the pro-

prietor's wife to express her high opinion of artists, unknown to fame and me, who had won her heart by their hospitality. I mention these matters, because the public has hardly any suspicion of the extreme rarity of the able editor who is loyal to his profession and to his staff. Without such an editor even moderately honest criticism is impossible; and that is why the average critic is a man (or woman) who, not being allowed to say what he thinks, has long ago given up the habit of thinking as useless and dangerous. And the worst of it, from my particular point of view, is that dramatic criticism is one of the last departments of conduct on which even a tolerably scrupulous editor's conscience can be awakened. The same man who is particular and even fastidious about political and literary criticism often cannot be induced to regard criticism of the theatre as anything but pure news, and expects to have the fact that Mr. Irving has produced a new play chronicled in exactly the same spirit as the fact that her Majesty has taken a drive accompanied by the Princess Beatrice.

For a quite different set of limitations imposed on the critic by the economic conditions of modern theatrical enterprise, I must refer the reader to my excellent preface to Mr. Archer's book. Mr. Archer and I campaigned together for several years under the editorship of the late Edmund Yates, who knew the value of genuine criticism, even musical criticism. We are intimate personal friends; and we roll each other's logs with a will. In my preface I imply that Mr. Archer is the best of critics: in his epilogue he insists that there is nobody like G. B. S. If my judgment were not so exquisitely balanced that the slightest touch of personal bias upsets it, I should be a very poor critic: consequently, my opinion as to Mr. Archer's merits is flagrantly unjudicial. He has the reputation of being inflexible, impartial, rather cold but scrupulously just, and entirely incorruptible. I believe this impression is produced by his high cheek-bones, the ascetic outline of his chin and jaw, and his habit of wearing a collar which gives his head the appearance of being wedged by the neck into a jampot. In reality he is half a dozen different men, most of them Scotch ancestors, especially a very grim Calvinist with an intense belief in predestined damnation, who feels that it does the world good to be confronted with the hopelessness of its own doom. This particular Archer revels in "La Tosca," in "Alan's Wife," in "Thérèse Raquin," in "Ghosts," and in "Mrs. Lessingham." To see some harmless and preferably rather lovable and interesting person annihilated with the most ferocious cruelty by the mere blind stroke of Fate positively edifies and exalts him. Then there is the sentimental Archer, a snivelling personage with whom I quarrel furiously, who gushes over "Sweet Lavender," weeps over Hedvig in "The Wild Duck" as "surely one of the loveliest characters in fiction," will blubber copiously (I prophesy) over Little Eyolf, and responds like an opening flower to the Amelia strain in his beloved Thackeray (an author I cannot abide). These are the two extremes of Archer; and I rejoice that 1894 did not produce a play capable of fully bringing out the qualities of either of them. There are several intermediate Archers, all of them in evidence in this volume: Archer the humourist; Archer the dialectician (another Scotch Archer), gravely and patiently straightening out the argument of "A Bunch of Violets" for Mr. Grundy, as if the law of England for the next two centuries depended on the integrity of his logic; Archer the Cadi, sternly bastinadoing Mr. Clement Scott for not seeing Ibsen's jokes; Archer the moralist, sermonizing me, in what I take to be the most shockingly bad criticism ever penned, for "dwelling on the seamy side of human nature to the exclusion of all else"; Archer the beglamoured lover of literature and the theatre; and, finally, Archer the critic.

As I have said, I am no judge of Archer the critic, and can merely testify that he is honest, sober, careful, trustworthy, skilful, hardworking, and has been for many years in his present situation: all of which, though disgustingly prosaic, has more to do with the making of literary reputations than the public imagines. I shall confine myself here to the Archer whom I mentioned last but one, the Archer who describes himself as "born with an instinctive, unreasoning, unreasonable love for the theatre, the place of light and sound, of mystery and

magic, where, at the stroke of the prompter's bell, a new world is revealed to the delighted sense." This is the Archer who has often told me that I have no real love of art, no enjoyment of it, only a faculty for observing performances, and an interest in the intellectual tendency of plays. At first I thought this ridiculous; but there is always something in what he says; and I cannot deny that though I was for years a keen professional critic of books, for years more of pictures, and for yet more years of music, I go to no picture galleries now in London, I attend no concerts, and I read no current literature. Put an end to my professional business in the theatre, and I shall stop going there. Put an end to Archer's, and he will still, as he says, "find a melancholy fascination in the glare of the footlights." For him there is illusion in the theatre: for me there is none. I can make imaginary assumptions readily enough; but for me the play is not the thing, but its thought, its purpose, its feeling, and its execution. And as most modern plays have no thought, and are absolutely vulgar in purpose and feeling, I am mainly interested in their execution. But in these criticisms by Mr. Archer (I must really remember my manners) there is little that is memorable about the execution; and that little has reference solely to its effect on the illusion. Even those pages in which, because they deal with such famous executants as Duse, Bernhardt, Rehan, and Calvé, the critic is compelled to take the execution as his main theme, he still makes the congruity of the artist's performance with the illusion of the story his criterion of excellence in the acting. In a very interesting comparison of Duse's Santuzza in "Cavalleria Rusticana" with Calvé's, he declares that "the instinct of the world assigns a higher rank to pure mimetics than to even the highest so-called lyric acting." Now I confess that even to me the illusion created by Duse was so strong that the scene comes back to me almost as an event which I actually witnessed; whereas Calvé's performance was unmistakably an opera at Covent Garden. Looking at Duse, I pitied Santuzza as I have often pitied a real woman in the streets miserably trying, without a single charm to aid her, to beg back the affection of some cockney Turiddu. But who has ever seen in the streets anything like Calvé's Santuzza, with her passion, her beauty, her intensity, her singing borne aloft by an orchestra? To Mr. Archer, this is the condemnation of Calvé's performance and the justification of Duse's. Every element, even though it be an element of artistic force, which interferes with the credibility of the scene, wounds him, and is so much to the bad. To him acting, like scene-painting, is merely a means to an end, that end being to enable him to make believe. To me the play is only the means, the end being the expression of feeling by the arts of the actor, the poet, the musician. Anything that makes this expression more vivid, whether it be versification, or an orchestra, or a deliberately artificial delivery of the lines, is so much to the good for me, even though it may destroy all the verisimilitude of the scene. I do not for a moment set up this critical attitude of mine as standing to Mr. Archer's in the relation of the right attitude to the wrong attitude. I only introduce it to make his more intelligible by contrast. Once his attitude is caught, and his sensitiveness to literature, which he calls "the divinest emanation of the human spirit" taken into account, his criticism becomes perfectly consistent, and its charm is seen to be a genuine imaginative quality which is quite independent of the adroit turn and fine intellectual texture of his sentences.

I had intended to devote this article almost entirely to my own preface; but I find myself with only space enough left to assure those gentlemen who are accusing me of advocating a *régime* of actress-manageresses, that I have advocated nothing at all. I have described the economic conditions of modern theatrical enterprise, with the results they have produced and seem likely to produce in the future. Among these last I enumerate the actress-manageress. I do not advocate her introduction, I simply announce her arrival. To state that she is "my remedy" for the state of things I have described is about as reasonable as to describe silence as Hamlet's remedy for death.

G. B. S.

LIFE INSURANCE AS AN INVESTMENT.—VIII.

FACT AND FANCY.

IN the first of this series of articles we pointed out that examples of bonuses on endowment insurance policies were not specifically required by the Board of Trade, and that several offices did not volunteer information on the subject. Reticence, no doubt, is often discreet; in some cases, let us hope, it is accidental. In order to repair the omission, we wrote recently to those offices whose returns to the Board of Trade do not furnish the necessary particulars, asking the *probable* results of effecting a "with profit" endowment insurance for fifteen, twenty-five, and thirty-five years. We shall now examine two of the estimates which we received in reply.

The actuary of the "Guardian Fire and Life Assurance Company" has furnished the following "results of an endowment assurance policy [for £1000], on the assumption that the rate of bonus declared at the division of 1889 is maintained in future, which, of course, cannot be in any way guaranteed":

Age at Entry.	Age at which payable.	Annual Premium.			Policy and Bonus at Maturity.	Premiums accumulated at 2½ per cent compound interest.
		£	s.	d.	£	£
35	50	69	3	4	1341	1271
35	60	40	8	4	1488	1415
25	60	28	10	0	1738	1605

"According to this basis," the actuary observes, "the sums payable under our policies are larger than those of the Scottish Widows' Fund." This is certainly beyond dispute. We will go further, and declare that, "according to this basis," the "Guardian" offers better prospects to its policyholders than any other life insurance office. Turning to the prospectus, we find that the Company distributes its bonuses on what is called the "contribution" system, the effect of which is to give an increasing reversionary bonus. In the third of the three examples given above, the addition to a policy for £1000 during thirty-five years is made up of seven quinquennial bonuses, the first (after the policy has endured five years) being £65, the second (after ten years) £78, the third (after fifteen years) £92, and so on, till we get to the sixth bonus (after thirty years) of £133, and the seventh (on maturity of the policy) of £146. These seven amounts make up the surprising total of £738, according to which the Company's policies, after insuring a man's life for thirty-five years, afford him a better return at the end of that time than he would have obtained by investing the annual premiums at 3 per cent compound interest. This is a result of which any office might indeed be proud; and our readers may perhaps wonder, as we do, how on earth it is to be achieved. The average rate of interest on the Company's investments is only £4 4s. 6d. per cent, and just one-fourth of the amount so earned is absorbed in management expenses and commission; then the shareholders take £12,000 a year, which is equivalent to about 10s. per cent on the funds invested; so that there would really be some difficulty in finding enough to pay the estimated bonuses, even if no provision had to be made for the death risk.

A detailed examination of the actuary's estimate leads to results still more remarkable. Thus, in the example already quoted, the premium is £28 10s. a year, and therefore the amount paid by the insurer during the last five years of the insurance would be £142 10s. But the additional bonus payable to him at the end of the five years is to be £146! Does the Company really propose to pay a man £3 10s. for the privilege of insuring his life between the ages of fifty-five and sixty? Or was the actuary, after all, playing a practical joke upon our amateurishness when he sent us his estimate? In the latter case, we assure that gentleman of our forgiveness, and offer him our compliments on his keen sense of American humour; but at the same time we feel bound to remind him that, when such statements appear in the prospectus of a life insurance office, there is considerable danger that some portion of the public may believe them to be true.

Now, the "Guardian" is an office of long standing and considerable reputation, and we should greatly have preferred that its actuary should have responded to our letter of inquiry with information of real value, such as no one is so well able to furnish as himself, instead of simply repeating the extraordinary statements of the prospectus. As he has not thought fit to do this, we must endeavour to enlighten our readers without his aid. The simple fact is that the "Guardian" only began to grant endowment insurances a few years ago, and the first and only quinquennial valuation made since was that of 1889, on which the estimates we have quoted are based. Consequently no endowment insurance then valued had been in existence more than five years. The effect of the "contribution" system of distribution adopted by the "Guardian," is to give much smaller bonuses at the outset than at the end of the term; but in 1889 there were no policies which had got beyond their first bonus—still less any policies of long standing to absorb the lion's share of the surplus—and the Company was therefore able to declare a fairly good first bonus all round. It is, of course, perfectly clear that at each succeeding valuation the older policies will continually tend to diminish the rate of the initial bonus, until the class has been in existence long enough to bring that bonus to its proper level. To revert to the example of a man, who, at the age of twenty-five, effects a policy for thirty-five years, we have seen that his first bonus, on the basis of the 1889 valuation, would be £65, and his last two bonuses, £133 and £146, each being more than twice as much as the first. In 1889, there was no one who received more than £65; and what the actuary asks us to believe is that this rate of bonus on new policies will still be maintained even though more than double the amount has to be allotted to other policies. It will be interesting to see whether the valuation now due (up to the end of 1894) gives an equally favourable "basis," seeing that some of the policies are now entitled to a second bonus. Our curiosity on this point is stimulated by the fact that the actuary has preferred to base his estimate on results five years old, instead of waiting, as the actuary of the Law Life Office (whose valuations are synchronous with those of the "Guardian") desires to wait, until the results of the present valuation can be declared. The actuary of the "Guardian" has challenged comparison with the Scottish Widows' Fund, and observes that the "Guardian" rate of bonus is more likely to be maintained because the valuation is made at 3 per cent instead of at 3½ per cent. This is a point on which we are not concerned to defend the Scottish Widows' Fund; but it should be borne in mind that that Society earns a higher rate of interest on its investments than the "Guardian," while the mortality is more favourable and the ratio of expenses to premium income smaller. Last, but not least, there are no shareholders to absorb 20 per cent of the surplus, which the "Guardian" prospectus naively observes is the "sole benefit" that the proprietors of that office receive from the life business.

We have left ourselves but little space to deal with the "British Empire Mutual Life Assurance Company." The following table shows the actuary's estimate of the bonuses on endowment insurances for £1000, calculated on the basis of the last valuation:

Age at Entry.	Age at which payable.	Annual Premium.			Policy and Bonus at Maturity.	Premiums accumulated at 2½ per cent compound interest.	Loss as compared with a 2½ per cent investment.
		£	s.	d.	£	£	£
35	50	70	3	4	1223	1289	66
35	60	40	18	4	1281	1432	151
25	60	27	13	4	1339	1557	218

No one can regard this as a brilliant estimate, but we believe that it is at least an honest one. The office was established in 1847, and during its early years was under the care of that eminent insurance economist, the late Mr. W. S. Gover, who left it to found the British Equitable Company. Possibly, this may in some degree account for the extravagant methods which bade fair at one time to swamp the Office altogether. It is satisfactory to notice that better counsels now prevail, and that the ratio of expenditure to the premium income

standing
tly have
to our
such as
stead of
of the
this, we
his aid.
egan to
and the
nce was
oted are
ce then
s. The
tribution
smaller
in; but
beyond
standing
and the
y good
ly clear
s will
bonus,
ugh to
to the
effects
is first
uld be
each
, there
at the
on new
e than
olicies.
n now
urable
ntitled
stimu-
base
miting,
ations
esires
an be
chal-
d, and
likely
3 per
ch we
und;
rns a
the
and
Last,
o per
ectus
pro-
with
ny."
the
ated

is already materially reduced. If a careful system of management be persisted in, policyholders in the British Empire Mutual Office may yet draw comfort from the parable of the repentant prodigal. In the meanwhile, the actuary presents the spectacle of a good man struggling with difficulties, and on that account we regret the more that we are unable to recommend our readers to help him out of them.

MONEY MATTERS.

MONEY continues at practically the same value week after week, and there is no likelihood of improvement until a field is opened up for the development of healthy commercial enterprise. Such variations as occur in the rate of interest arise from little else than the fortnightly demands consequent upon speculative transactions, or, in plain language, gambling. Sound business is almost at a standstill, and, as has already been pointed out in these columns, this state of affairs is a natural outcome of the prevailing commercial and political uncertainty. Until that has come to an end, it is idle, we fear, to expect anything but continued stagnation; and the returns published by the Board of Trade for the past month are not calculated to remove our apprehensions.

Consols are once more at 105, and it is quite possible that they may rise still higher. The semi-pacific speech of M. Hanotaux in the French Senate at the end of last week no doubt had a reassuring effect on the market generally, and most first-class securities stand at better prices. Another strengthening factor has been the publication of the proposed terms of peace between China and Japan. Next to Japan, there is probably no country which is likely to derive so much benefit as Great Britain from the opening up of the interior of China. The tone of the Foreign Market has also improved, and the Chinese Silver Loan is now above "par." Mexican securities have likewise increased in value.

Home Railway securities show a general advance, and those who acted on the hint which we threw out last week as to Great Northern Deferred Stock have, so far, no reason to regret their investment. There has not been much business in American Railways, and the variations in prices have been mostly immaterial; but the stock of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé line was depressed on the publication of the long-promised scheme of reorganization. It seems that the "common stock" of the Company is to be assessed to 10 per cent, for which assessment new preferred stock will be given. Canadian Railways have been in better favour throughout the week, although there is still considerable fluctuation in Canadian Pacific Stock. The Grand Trunk traffic returns showed an increase of £1612 on the main line, although the total increase was only £980. Mexican Railway Stock also advanced on a good traffic return, combined with the enhanced price of silver.

The mining market has continued more brisk than might have been expected in view of recent events. The collapse of the Londonderry mine was a great blow; and the fact that the shares still have a certain value in the market is doubtless due to the eminently straightforward behaviour of the directors under the circumstances. Now it is the Cræsus Gold Mining Company which seems in questionable case, and it has been stated by General Sir W. G. Davies that the report from the manager at one mine does not confirm what appeared in the prospectus. Two occurrences of this kind within a week do not afford much encouragement either to holders or to intending purchasers of shares in West Australian mining companies, and they certainly strengthen the unfavourable opinion which we have repeatedly expressed as to the prospects of those undertakings.

In the miscellaneous market the most remarkable feature has been the heavy drop in the stock of Allsopp's Brewery. Just four weeks ago, when the ordinary shares stood at about 150, we ventured to predict that

the limit of the upward movement had been reached, and the event has fully justified our anticipation. There was some rally on Wednesday, but we shall not be surprised to see a further fall.

NEW ISSUES, &c.

THE ROCHDALE AND MANOR BREWERY, LIMITED: AN OVER-CAPITALIZED CONCERN.

This Company has been established, it appears, to take over and amalgamate two brewery properties; the capital to be £281,000, divided into £120,000 4½ per cent first mortgage debenture stock, £56,000 6 per cent cumulative £10 preference shares, and £105,000 in ordinary shares of £10 each.

We must confess that this prospectus has so excited our curiosity, that we shall examine carefully the statements it contains. We are told that the consideration that will be paid by the Company to the Rochdale and Oldham Brewery Company, Limited, "for their properties and business," is £191,130, £91,130 of which is in cash, and £100,000 in ordinary shares; while the consideration to be paid for the Manor Brewery is £79,000, payable as follows: £44,000 in cash, £30,000 in 6 per cent cumulative preference shares or cash, and £5000 in ordinary shares. Thus, according to our calculation, there remains to be accounted for the nice little sum of £11,000, presumably for the expenses of promotion and advertisement; but as these expenses do not amount, as a rule, to more than £2000, some one, it is clear, will make a pretty profit out of this amalgamation. Now let us see how it is proposed to pay interest upon this formidable capital of £281,000. We have nothing except the following certificate of Messrs. P. and J. Kevan, chartered accountants, to go upon; but it will serve. Addressing the directors of the Rochdale and Manor Brewery, Limited, Messrs. P. and J. Kevan write under date of 27 March, 1895:

"We have acted as auditors for the Rochdale and Oldham Brewery Company, Limited, since its formation in 1887.

"The profits of that Company for the eight years 1887 to 1894 inclusive, without deducting interest on mortgages and directors' remuneration, but after providing for bad debts and depreciation of short leasehold properties and brewing plant, amounted to £74,312 2s. 11d.—an average of £9289 os. 4d. per annum.

"In 1894 the profits were £8946 1s. 1d.

"The output of the brewery for the seven years 1888 to 1894 inclusive, has been 122,834 barrels, an average of 17,548 barrels per annum. In 1894 it was 17,417 barrels."

This document deserves in the public interest to be considered attentively. The Rochdale and Oldham Brewery Company was formed, then, in good times, in 1887, and yet, eight years later, it becomes necessary or advisable to reconstruct it. Its average profits were £9289 a year; but the profits of the last three years, year by year, have not been set forth; only last year's profits have been given, profits that were no doubt whipped up to the uttermost in view of the formation of this Company, and yet the profits in 1894 were under £9000, although we see from Allsopp's and other breweries that 1894 was an exceptionally good year. And these profits of £8946 1s. 1d. are arrived at by omitting to set aside anything for the remuneration of directors; one might almost as well say that the wages of management, in an establishment chiefly dependent on skill, had been left out. Nor can this profit of £8946, even if it were arrived at in the ordinary way of business, be regarded as the fair remuneration of an industrial enterprise with a capital of £191,000. Who would adventure his money in so hazardous a business as brewing, with a prospect of not realizing more than 4½ per cent on his investment? So far as we can see, the Manor Brewery makes no profits, at any rate no profits are set forth in this prospectus, and the output of the last year is lower than the average output of the seven years from 1888 to 1894. Why, then, we ask, in the name of common sense, should £79,000 be paid for such a business? Here is the prospect unfolded by this precious prospectus:

"The amount required to pay interest on the £120,000

first mortgage debenture stock is £5400 per annum, and to pay dividends on the £56,000 6 per cent cumulative preference share capital is £3360 per annum, making together £8760."

It appears, then, that in order to pay the bare annual interest on the debenture stock and the cumulative preference shares £8760 are needed, while the profits made in 1894, an exceptionally good year, were only £8946. The margin of £186 a year in any case would be ridiculous; but in view of the enormous capital of £281,000, it deserves to be characterized much more severely. What are the six directors to have for their services? and what dividend may be expected on the £105,000 of ordinary shares?

Of course we are told that "a large saving in expense will, it is expected, be effected by working the two businesses at one place and under one management"; but then the Rochdale Brewery is situated in Molesworth Street, Rochdale; whereas the Manor is situated at Salford, Manchester. The Manor brewery, we are told, is to be shut up; but presumably the tied houses of the one brewery will be found chiefly in Rochdale, while the customers of the other brewery must be supplied in Salford, and under such circumstances there seems to us little or nothing to be saved by amalgamating the two businesses.

Of course the "waiver" clause is in full operation in this prospectus, but, as we are told that the Rochdale and Oldham Brewery Company, Limited, will pay all expenses up to allotment, and the cost of conveyancing, &c., save the stamp duties and solicitors' charges, where is that £11,000 going to? Can it be that the Law Debenture Corporation, Limited, trustees for the first mortgage debenture holders, have charged £10,000 or £11,000, or any portion of that sum, for underwriting the £120,000 $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent first mortgage debenture stock that will be placed in their hands? We ask the question hoping that a satisfactory answer may be forthcoming; but, in the meantime, we can only state it as our most deliberate conviction that we should prefer to invest in City and Suburban stock at 25, or in any other gold mine shares that are at an extravagant premium, rather than take stock or shares in this Rochdale and Manor Brewery.

DAVIES & EVANS, LIMITED: AN EXTRAORDINARY ENTERPRISE.

There seems to be no end of the industrial concerns that are now being formed into Companies and offered to the public. In spite of the fact that the profits diminish steadily with each later enterprise, that the shares of Harrods' stores stand at $3\frac{1}{2}$, while those of D. H. Evans & Company are below $2\frac{1}{2}$, and those of J. R. Roberts' stores about $1\frac{1}{2}$, these prices are still set forth in such prospectuses as this of Davies & Evans as if no lesson were to be drawn from the fact that the first of these industries to be turned into a Company was altogether the most successful.

The capital of this Company of Davies & Evans is to be £100,000, and the present issue is of 90,000 shares of £1 each. The Company has been formed to acquire the business of Messrs. Davies & Evans, oil and colour merchants and Italian warehousemen, and to incorporate with it thirteen similar businesses.

"The Company," we are told, "will start as owners of eighty-one well equipped shops," peppered all over the Metropolis, from High Street, Brentford, to Bethnal Green, and then, of course, we are assured, in defiance of common sense, "that a considerable saving of expenditure should be effected by a concentration under a central control." Nothing can be more delusive than such reasoning. A man can often live in a little shop and make a living profit through knowing his customers and personal attention to business; whereas this same shop, if taken over and managed from a distant centre, would be a source of loss and not of profit. The public are invited to subscribe for the shares of Davies & Evans on the faith of a certificate of Messrs. Broad & Wiltshire, which declares that the turnover of the eighty-one oil and colour businesses last year amounted to over £103,000, taken together with an estimate, also by Messrs. Broad & Wiltshire, that, "with ordinary care and proper management, the net profits of

the several businesses, after deducting the usual working expenses, including rent, and rates, and taxes, will be upwards of £9400 per annum." For the reasons we have given, we do not agree with the estimate of Messrs. Broad & Wiltshire, and we think those gentlemen were ill-advised in being so confident. Were the turnover of over £100,000 obtained from three, or four, or five shops, even though the shops were situated in different districts, we could understand that the net profits, with energetic management, should be nearly 10 per cent; but when this main current of £100,000 is made up by adding together the contents of eighty-one tiny rivulets dispersed over an immense area, we should be rather inclined to anticipate a loss than a profit, from an attempt to combine "under a central control" businesses that are naturally distinct and different and widely separated one from the other.

We expected, therefore, to find the objectionable waiver clause in this prospectus, and we have not been disappointed. We are told, too, with an amusing frankness, "that the purchase price for the whole of the undertakings has been fixed by John Brilmayer, the vendor, who, as promoter, makes a profit, at the sum of £70,000, payable as to £30,000 in fully-paid shares and £40,000 in cash, leaving £20,000 for working capital and purchase of stocks, which will be taken over at a valuation in the ordinary way." We should imagine that this statement was true; but what is to be thought of these eighty little shops when the value of the working capital and the stocks of each one is not quite £500? We are glad to see that the directors are modest enough not to promise us a Stock Exchange quotation for their shares. Such schemes as this of Davies & Evans will, we fear, bring industrial enterprises into disfavour and disrepute with the investing public.

THE "HOUR" PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

With reference to the notice which appeared in these columns, on the 30th ultimo, of this Company's issue of debenture stock, the secretary writes to explain that "the Company will only go to allotment if it receives sufficient money in the shape of subscriptions for debentures to carry on the paper for at least twelve months," and that, failing allotment, "all moneys paid for the debentures will," as stated in the prospectus, "be returned in full." Our correspondent adds that, "if the paper should cease to exist at the end of a year, the public would have lost nothing, as they would have been, in the meantime, receiving the paper for twelve months post free, and they would further have been insured (and by a world-wide policy, the only one of the kind issued by any newspaper) during that period." We are ready to admit that, under these circumstances, the holder of a single debenture would not have much ground for complaint; but what of the man who, at the directors' suggestion, pays £150 for a hundred debentures? Would he, too, be adequately reimbursed by the possession of fourteen copies of the paper for a twelvemonth, and by being insured against accidents—we are not sure whether once or fourteen times over? Would he congratulate himself on his investment if he even received back, in addition, £9 of his capital in the shape of one year's interest at the minimum rate of 6 per cent? We think not.

THE CHARTERED BANK OF INDIA, AUSTRALIA, AND CHINA.

The general balance sheet and profit and loss account for the year ending 31 December, 1894, of this bank show that, after providing for bad and doubtful debts, the net profits, including £16,293 17s. 11d. brought forward from last year, amount to £130,901 2s. 8d. In October last an interim dividend was paid at the rate of 7 per cent per annum, which absorbed £28,000. The amount now available is therefore £102,901 2s. 8d., out of which the directors propose to declare a dividend at the rate of 9 per cent per annum, free of income tax, making a distribution of 8 per cent for the year; to add £50,000 to the reserve fund, which will then stand at £325,000; and to place £5000 to the officers' superannuation fund; leaving a balance of £11,901 2s. 8d. to be carried forward. This must be regarded as very satisfactory, for 1894 was not a brilliant year for bankers.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SIR JOHN McNEILL.

To the Editor of the *Saturday Review*.

MONTE CARLO, 1 April, 1895.

SIR,—My attention has been called to a paragraph in your last issue in which you say, with reference to the command of the Chitral Expedition, "We cannot help remembering that General Elles was chosen to lead the last Black Mountain Expedition, and that that officer was as unfitted for command as General McNeill showed himself to be in the Soudan."

In the absence of Sir John McNeill, who is travelling in Sicily, may I, as his brother, point out how misleading such a statement is, and how very much opposed to the real facts of the case? Sir John McNeill was ordered by his superior officer to march by a certain route to a fixed point, and there to establish a zareba, and his force was most seriously hampered by a vast number of camels and camp-followers. He himself considered the scheme most hazardous, as the line of march indicated in his instructions lay through thick bush, and the progress must necessarily be slow. After some hours' march it became evident that it was impossible to reach the point laid down in sufficient time to zareba and allow of the return of the baggage-animals and convoy before dark. Sir John McNeill, therefore, at once decided to establish himself in the first favourable position he could find, and having, with his engineer officer, selected a suitable open space he immediately commenced the work of the zareba. The works were but partly constructed, and the camels, &c. were about to be started on their march back when he was attacked. There was no surprise, the dispositions had long before been made, and had not the 12th Native Infantry from India given way, hardly a man would have been lost. The baggage-animals suffered because they were stampeded by the rush of the Arabs, but the action was the most decisive one of the campaign. Had Sir John McNeill followed the orders given and continued his fatiguing march to the spot ordered, it is probable that a serious disaster would have resulted, as the Arabs were waiting in very large numbers at this point, prepared to attack the tired force on its arrival. Finding, however, that they had stopped short and were making a zareba, they at once ran in to meet them. That a portion of the 12th gave way was no fault of Sir John McNeill, whose dispositions were thoroughly sound; and, I believe, Lord Wolseley, who visited the Soudan after the action, was satisfied, as also were the Horse Guards authorities, that the movement ordered was of a very dangerous and doubtful nature.

It will be admitted by most military men that the zareba should have first been made, and the storage of water and supplies should have been a second operation. It is also a fact, that some hours after Sir John McNeill started, precise information was received at headquarters that very large bodies of the enemy were massed at the point named, but no information to this effect was sent him, though the heliograph was available, as well as mounted orderlies. As a matter of fact, the action lasted fifteen minutes only, and the vigorous repulse was so severely felt that the tribesmen could not again be induced to face our troops.—Yours faithfully,

DUNCAN McNEILL,
Late Captain Scots Greys.

[We are glad to publish Captain McNeill's letter, though it has not modified our opinion. The British force was badly led and shamefully surprised, and we shall establish these facts on excellent authority in our next week's issue.—ED. S. R.]

HOME OFFICE JUSTICE.

To the Editor of the *Saturday Review*.

2 April, 1895.

SIR,—I did not intend to describe Mr. Asquith exactly in the character of Rhadamanthus in the letter which you kindly inserted. I think, indeed, that the criminal department of the Home Office has, so far as redressing miscarriages of justice is concerned, reached its worst

stage under his administration. But it has been inefficient for a considerable time; and I ask leave to add some details of the case of Mr. John Hay, which, though they occurred some time ago, have only been published recently by the victim, whose story any reader can procure for sixpence. Mr. Hay, according to his narrative, was the victim of a police conspiracy. After a long imprisonment—for bail was refused, and at the first trial the jury disagreed—he was tried and convicted of a robbery of silk, and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. He attributes this heavy sentence to the statement of the police made after his conviction, that he had been concerned in many other robberies—which statement was absolutely untrue. The question turned chiefly on identity. One of the principal witnesses, whom the Crown had to produce as the silk was brought to her house, was positive that Mr. Hay was not the man. The then Home Secretary, Sir William Harcourt, after a time came to the same conclusion. Moreover, he evidently adopted the theory that Mr. Hay was the victim of a police conspiracy; but the result was only the liberation of the prisoner on a ticket-of-leave, after about six months' imprisonment (subsequent to the trial), and, of course, without any acknowledgment of innocence which might help to give him a fresh start in life. In fact, bearing in mind that he had always previously borne a good character, that he had been a long time in prison before his trial, and that his business was utterly ruined by the affair (he had to become a bankrupt shortly afterwards), I think most of your readers will admit that he was sufficiently punished on the assumption of his guilt. Quickly realizing the inconvenience of a release on a ticket-of-leave and conscious of his innocence, Mr. Hay memorialized the Home Office for a pardon. Soon afterwards an unknown man, who said he was a bookmaker, called on him and offered to procure a pardon for £50. He offered to show Mr. Hay official documents to prove that he could do what he promised. Mr. Hay offered to bet a sovereign that he could not do so, which bet the unknown accepted, and a meeting was arranged for the following night at a not very reputable locality in London. Mr. Hay was accompanied by a friend whose name he gives, and the bookmaker met them and produced Mr. Hay's Memorial to the Home Office, with a long memorandum by Sir William Harcourt himself, stating his reasons for believing in the complete innocence of the man whom he had liberated on a ticket-of-leave only, and who has never up to the present received a single shilling of compensation! Mr. Hay handed over the sovereign to the bookmaker, but decided not to pay £50 for the pardon, inasmuch as he thought the Home Secretary, who had written such a memorandum, could not fail to grant it without pay. Some months afterwards he received a free pardon, but not until after the officials were aware that he had seen Sir William Harcourt's memorandum.

Such was the state of the Home Office ten years ago. The only difference now is that, under the present régime, Mr. Hay would not have been released at all unless he had succeeded in prosecuting and convicting the principal Crown witness for perjury, or unless it had been proved that some one else had stolen the silk. When the case on behalf of the prisoner is that there was no crime—which was pleaded unsuccessfully by Mrs. Maybrick and successfully by Mr. Monson—there is absolutely no means of convincing the Home Office that the verdict was wrong, or that the evidence procured since the trial would have sufficed to turn the scale in the prisoner's favour. In such cases the Home Office refuses even to make any serious inquiry. The entire system requires to be mended, or ended by the creation of a Court of Criminal Appeal.—Truly yours,

APPELLANT.

THE EARLDOM OF DENBIGH.

To the Editor of the *Saturday Review*.

2 April, 1895.

SIR,—Since the editor of "Debrett" has recently written in your columns as an advocate of accuracy, I am hoping that he will in his "Peerage" for 1896 omit the statement that the Earls of Denbigh are "descended from the Counts of Hapsburg." Mr. J. H. Round attacked this curious seventeenth-century idea some

time ago (*The Genealogist*, vol. x., pages 193-206, "Our English Hapsburgs: A Great Delusion") with all the force of his learning and forensic ability. It has also been (if I remember rightly) the subject of some adverse remarks in the *Quarterly Review*.

It is only fair to say that the "delusion" of which Mr. Round treats is of old standing, and that until he (to use his own word) "disproved" the legend, no one could be blamed for imagining that it was a matter of fact.

It would be of great interest to me, and I feel sure to many others, if the editor of "Debrett" would tell us when, where, and by whose act the Earls of Denbigh became Counts "of the Holy Roman Empire." Or is this part also of the hapless—I beg pardon, the Hapsburg—pedigree?—I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

A LOVER OF PEDIGREES.

REVIEWS.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

"The Evil Eye." By Frederick T. Elworthy. London: John Murray. 1895.

THE benefits which the spread of the scientific spirit has conferred in freeing the minds of the masses from the bondage of old superstitions, are to be properly understood and appreciated only when the darker consequences of such common superstitions as the belief in witchcraft are brought in all their horror before the eyes of the public. In the days when Christianity had not long spread over the Roman Empire, the old superstitions, expelled by religious education from the towns, still lurked in the seclusion of the country villages, and hence took the name of Paganism; and it is in country villages not yet reached by the scientific spirit that what remains of Paganism among us lingers still. The recent shocking case of the torture and death of a young woman as a supposed witch at Ballyvadlea in the prosperous county of Tipperary, is an instructive warning of the danger to the community which a popular belief in witchcraft entails.

The basis of this belief, which is much more widely diffused in England as well as Ireland than men generally suppose, is that suspiciousness and dread of the unknown which comes from ignorance of natural law, a dread which may at any moment manifest itself in such savage cruelty as that of which poor Bridget Cleary was the victim. Unfortunately, a materialized form of Christianity lends itself very readily to a practical alliance with such superstitions as witchcraft, as the questions put at Ballyvadlea to the supposed witch by the men who burned her plainly show.

This recent terrible instance of the demoralizing effect of popular superstitions will, it may be hoped, have a salutary effect on those who are inclined to encourage, or, at any rate, not to discourage, what seems to them a picturesque survival of the past, among whom we may with some reason class the author of "The Evil Eye." Mr. Elworthy certainly disclaims belief in the superstitions which he has studied very closely and sympathetically, but he does so with reservations which greatly weaken his disclaimer: "Our senses, our experience alike tell us, that there exist many facts and appearances which appealed strongly to the despised judgment of our forefathers, rude and cultured alike, which never have been either disproved or explained, and some of these facts have been held as firm articles of belief in all ages." Moreover, he plainly asserts his conviction of the genuineness of the occult faculty by which the divining rod is successfully used, and his faith in the magic powers of spiritualists and hypnotists, as well as in dowders, is evidently not inconsiderable.

But however severely one may be disposed to criticize, from a scientific standpoint, Mr. Elworthy's somewhat credulous attitude of mind, it cannot be denied that this sympathy with magic, this genuine interest in popular superstitions, rooted in a sort of half-belief in them, has enabled him to write a most interesting and entertaining book.

Mr. Elworthy has been industrious in collecting materials for his work, and has neglected no source of information, being as much at home in prosecuting his

inquiries in Italy as in Somerset. He shows cause for the theory that belief in the evil eye is the basis and origin of the magical art. But the real value of "The Evil Eye" lies not in any theories advanced, or in any attempt to account for the varied forms of superstition, but in the mass of facts, the huge collection of evidence which its author has got together. He has not shown himself particularly competent to deal with his materials; indeed, he is usually content to supply the fullest evidence on each feature of the subject, and leave the reader to draw his own conclusions; but the evidence is there, and the wealth and variety of it is such that no student of these superstitions can afford to be without Mr. Elworthy's exhaustive compilation.

Interesting as are the studies of the forms of popular superstition among the ancients, Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans, it is when we come to superstitions existing in our own day, and specially in our own country, that we find Mr. Elworthy at his best. The belief in the evil eye is still so prevalent in Italy that we are assured that devout Catholics, when asking a blessing of Pope Pio Nono, who was believed to have the *jettatura* or power of the evil eye, used to point two fingers at him as a protection against this Papal *jettatore*. The peasantry of Somerset and Devon are to this day believers in the evil eye, and it is to this malign influence that all kinds of sickness both in man and beast are constantly ascribed. "Her was overlooked, her was, and I knows very well who don'd it," is a common explanation even of maladies no more obscure than phthisis. In Somerset, when a pig gets ill and dies the explanation is the same. "If," says Mr. Elworthy, "a murrain afflicts a farmer's cattle, he goes off secretly to the 'white witch,' that is the old witchfinder, to ascertain who has 'overlooked his things,' and to learn the best antidote. Only the other day a large farmer in North Devon, whose cattle were dying of anthrax, applied, not to a first-class veterinary surgeon, but to a 'white witch,' for a remedy against the pestilence, and, as a consequence, lost almost his whole herd." The belief that the witches who "overlook" man and beast can transform themselves into hares is common enough in the West Country. In many of the great kitchen chimneys of old farmhouses a sheep's heart or a pig's heart has been found stuck full of pins as reprisals against witches, and the occasional coincidence of some harm befalling the suspected witch confirms the general belief. Pigs' hearts stuck full of pins are used for malignant as well as protective purposes. Sometimes they are used to work injury against some hated person, it being believed that the pricking of the pig's heart will act on the heart of the person aimed at. Again, in West Somerset, when a pig died that had been "overlooked," it was customary to put the heart stuck full of pins and thorns up the chimney in the belief that as the pig's heart dried and withered so would the heart of the malignant person who had "ill wisht" the pig. This superstition, though in a different form, is familiar in the sympathetic magic of Rossetti's "Sister Helen" and the waxen image of her false lover.

The precautions against witchcraft are, like the forms of witchcraft, very numerous. Spitting is a common form of protection against the evil eye. Theocritus is almost literally translated by the Somerset peasant when he says, "Nif you do meet wi' anybody wi' a north eye, spat drie times," and this is only one of many instances of the existence to-day in rural England of the superstitions of the old Pagan world. Among objects in common use whose origin in popular superstition has been generally forgotten, are the half moons on our harness, which were once regarded as potent amulets against the evil eye, and the coral baubles on which our infants cut their teeth, of which the shape keeps the remembrance of the old classic *fascinum*, the Priapic symbol.

In the West of England the belief in pixies is quite as strong as the belief in fairies in Ireland, and Mr. Elworthy's statement that in Ireland fire is believed to be a great protection against fairies and witches takes a lurid light from the recent fate of the supposed witch or fairy changeling at Ballyvadlea.

In conclusion, we must add that it must not be supposed that Mr. Elworthy, though painstaking and scholarly, is always accurate. His views on the lion as

a British totem, the totem of our Celtic forefathers, are scarcely tenable, while his derivation of mask from the Greek *maska* will not easily supersede the usual derivation from the Arabic. "The Evil Eye" is copiously and excellently illustrated, and the illustrations greatly add to the intelligibility as well as the interest of the book, the usefulness of which is enhanced by an excellent index.

A POET TRAVESTIED.

"Dunbar." Being a selection from the poems of an old Makar, adapted for modern readers. By Hugh Haliburton. Walter Scott. 1895.

WE have rarely met with a performance more preposterous than this. Of Mr. Hugh Haliburton we know nothing, but his title-page informs us that he is the author of a "Horace in Homespun." We hope that in his hands Horace may have fared better than William Dunbar, who is really unrecognizable in these extraordinary "adaptations." Dunbar was the greatest poetical writer between Chaucer and Spenser, and the conspicuous Scottish glory of the fifteenth century. His poems were printed in the eccentric Scotch spelling of his day, and to a superficial reader may look difficult to understand. It may seem slightly obscure to read of

"Ane sayll, als quhite als blossom vpon spray,
With merse of gold, brycht as the stern of day,"

but all difficulty is removed by spelling the lines:

"A sail, as white as blossom upon spray,
With mast of gold, bright as the star of day."

If Dunbar is to be modernized at all, it can be done by correcting the spelling and occasionally translating a word. Mr. Haliburton might have done this, and we should have applauded his anxiety to popularize a very noble poet. But his volume, which is put forth without explanation or excuse of any kind, is a positive travesty of Dunbar. The reader will hardly credit the liberties which he deliberately takes with the text. One of the most moving and singular of all Dunbar's poems is that in which, in a fit of extreme melancholy, he confesses his fear of death and his horror of its ravages. In the course of this wonderfully impressive elegy, he cries:

"That strange unmerciful tyrand (tyrant)
Takes on the mother's breast sowkand (sucking)
The babe, full of benignity.
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He takes the champion in the stour,
The captain closed in the tower,
The lady in bower, full of beauty.
Timor Mortis conturbat me."

We have not altered a word, and it will be seen that only one really requires interpretation; the solemn effect of the Latin refrain will be felt. Will it be credited that Mr. Haliburton gives the text as follows?

"It parts the monarch and his pride;
It tak's her bridegroom from the bride;
The infant sleeping on her sleeve
It lifts without the mither's leave.

The warrior from the battle's din,
The traveller tarrying at the inn;
The bairnie playing wi' his ba';
It tak's them aye, it tak's them a'."

We have no words to express our amazement at the assurance which silently presents such rubbish as this to us as genuine Dunbar. Nor is this a solitary example. One of the poet's sonorous hymns opens as follows:

"Done is a battle on the dragon black,
Our champion Christ confounded hath his force;
The gates of hell are broken with a crack,
The sign triumphal rais'd is of the cross."
This is simple enough, but Mr. Haliburton will not leave it so. This is how he "improves" it:
"The fight is ended with the dragon black,
Christ stands victorious in the deadly stour,
The gates of hell are broken with a crack,
High shines the cross in this triumphant hour."

This may be very clever, but it is no longer Dunbar. Sometimes, without a word, Mr. Haliburton introduces a verse of which there is no equivalent in Dunbar. Thus into his malversation of the beautiful lyric, "He that

hath gold and great riches," he silently interpolates this gem of his own:

"He that may sit to cakes an' beer,
An' warm his virtue wi' gude cheer,
An' ca's for water from the well,
An' suffers colic half the year—
He brings his sorrow on himsel'."

No doubt people wrote vulgarly in the fifteenth century, but it was not with this kind of vulgarity. Still more outrageous is the text of Dunbar's famous poem, "Of a Dance in the Queen's Chamber," where Mr. Haliburton prints:

"Last in cam' Pate the porter tyke,
Wi' ribbons at his knees;
His feet were like a fa'in' dyke,
His arms like flingin'-trees.
He stoiter'd like a hobbled mull
The simmer clegs are gawin',
Till owre he whumml'd, length in full,
An' fell'd Dunbar i' fa'in',
An' a' the can'les."

If Mr. Haliburton has discovered a MS. in which anything faintly resembling this ridiculous stuff is to be found, he should hasten to make it public. In the meantime he has certainly "felled Dunbar in falling," and has presented to us the most extraordinary example of the incompetent yet presumptuous editor which we have met with for a long time. Fortunately, some of the most exquisite of Dunbar's odes and lyrics appear to have escaped his notice. We do not think that we could have endured "Hail, star supern! hail, in eterne!" or "Rose-Mary most of virtue virginal," pawed over by the rough hands of this Bentley in homespun.

"OUTRE-MER."

"Outre-Mer. Notes sur l'Amérique." Par Paul Bourget. Two vols. Paris: A. Lemerre. 1895.

THE author of "Outre-Mer" takes himself, as the phrase goes, rather seriously. He passes in New York and in Paris as a kind of new De Tocqueville. We mean no detraction of his gifts, nor of the charm of his amusing volumes, when we say that they are not quite so important to an English as to a French or to an American audience. They are important in France, because M. Bourget is a highly accomplished public favourite, whose methods attract attention whatever subject he may deal with, and whose mind has here been given to the study of a kind of life not familiar to Frenchmen. They are important in America, because America is greatly moved by European opinion, and must be flattered at so close an examination of her institutions by an eminent French writer. But in England our contact with the United States is closer and more habitual than that between those States and France, while our vanity is not more stimulated by M. Bourget's study of America than by M. Loti's pictures of Jerusalem. To put it boldly, we know more and care less than the two main classes who will form the audience of "Outre-Mer."

Taking, then, this calmer standpoint, the feats of M. Bourget's sympathetic appreciation, and the deficiencies in his equipment, leave us, on the whole, rather indifferent. No book of this author has been so much talked of beforehand, or so ardently expected, as "Outre-Mer," and we do not suppose that its two main bodies of readers will be at all disappointed. But no philosophical Englishman will consider it the best of M. Bourget's books. He will, for example, be infinitely less pleased with it than he was with "Sensations d'Italie," a much less popular work. The fact is that in reading what the elegant psychologist has to say about America, "on y regrette," as he himself would say, "la douce et lente Europe." The reason of this is, that in dealing with certain superficial features of a vast and crude new civilization, M. Bourget is a razor cutting a hone. The razor is amazingly sharp and bright, but it is not doing its proper business. M. Bourget is a subtle and minute analyst, whose gift it is to distinguish between delicate orders of thought which are yet closely allied, to determine between new elements and old ones in survival, to provoke, with profundity and penetration, long developments of reverie. He is at home in old societies and

waning cities; he is a master in the evocation of new lights on outworn themes. He is full of the nostalgia of the past, and he dreams about the dead while he moves among the living. It is obvious that such a writer is out of place in the study of a country that has no past, no history, no basis of death, a country where a man looks upon his grandfather as a historical character, and upon a house a hundred years old as a historical monument. What M. Bourget has done is extraordinarily clever and brilliant, but he was not the man to be set to do it.

The conditions under which the work progressed were, though specious, not less unfavourable to its perfection. These notes, by a famous Frenchman, on the social life of America to-day, were prepared to appear first of all in an enterprising New York journal. That M. Bourget should accept such a test proclaims his courage, and that he should, in the main, have endured the ordeal, his accuracy and care. It is none the less a shock to find the book dedicated, in a very clever prefatory epistle, to Mr. James Gordon Bennett, and to realize that before its impressions could be given to the world they had to pass through the mill of the *New York Herald*. The result is a book which is beautifully written, and which, above all, gives the impression of being sincerely written,—a book which contains many brilliant flashes of intuition, many just and liberal opinions, and some pictures of high merit, but which, somehow, fails to be philosophical, and is apt to slip between the stools of vain conjecture and mere reporter's work. A great deal which will be read with most entertainment in "Outre-Mer"—the description of Chicago, for instance, and the visit to the night-side of New York—is really fitted to appear in a daily newspaper, and then to be forgotten. It is very full and conscientious, but it is the production of a sublimated reporter, and there is precious little De Tocqueville about it.

This, however, may be considered hypercritical. M. Bourget spent eight or nine months in the United States, with no other occupation than the collection of the notes from which these volumes are selected. He had all possible facilities given to him, and he worked in a fair and generous spirit. He was genuinely interested in America, interested more intelligently, no doubt, than any other recent Frenchman has been. It would have been strange if he had not written a book which repaid perusal. The faults of M. Bourget's style have always been over-elaboration and excess of detail. Here he has been tempted to indulge these frailties, and we cannot say that he is not occasionally tedious when he lingers upon facts and conditions obvious to all Englishmen who visit America. Hence, we like his book best when it gives us the results of the application of his subtle intellect to less familiar matters. All he has to say about the vitality of the Catholic Church in the United States is worthy of close attention. His interviews with Cardinal Gibbon and Archbishop Ireland are of material interest, and his notes on the socialistic tendencies of American Catholicism singularly valuable. No pages here are more graphic than those which record a visit to a Roman church in New York, and the sermon which the author listened to there. He was struck, as all visitors to America must be, with the absence of reverie, of the spiritual and experimental spirit, in the teaching and tendency of the Church of Rome in America, and with its practical energy, its businesslike activity and vehemence. In a few words M. Bourget renders with admirable skill that air of antiquity and Catholic piety which make Baltimore more like a city of Southern Europe than any other in the United States. In observation of this kind M. Bourget can always be trusted.

As befits the inquiry of a Latin psychologist, the question of woman takes a very prominent part in the investigation of M. Bourget. On this subject what he has to say and what he has to admit ignorance of are equally interesting. He has to confess himself baffled by that extraordinary outcome of Western civilization, the American girl, but he revenges himself by the notation of innumerable instances of her peculiarities and idiosyncrasies. On the whole, though she puzzles him, he is greatly delighted with her. We remember hearing of the visit paid to Newport by a young French poet of the Symbolists, who was well acquainted with the

American language, but whose manners were all adjusted to the model of the Boulevard St. Michel. He made a dozen serious blunders, all of which were benignly forgiven, before he settled down to some due recognition of the cold, free, stimulating and sphinx-like creature that woman is on the shores of America. M. Bourget is too much a man of the world, and has been too carefully trained, to err in this way, but his wonder is no less pronounced. He comes to the curious "résultat que le désir de la femme est demeuré au second rang dans les préoccupations de ces hommes." He considers, as other observers have done, that this condition of things can be but transitory, and that the strange apotheosis of the American girl, with all that it presupposes in the way of reticence of manners, is but a transitory phase. He falls into an eloquent description of the American idol, the sexless woman of the United States, and closes it with a passage which is one of the most remarkable in his volumes:

"Cette femme peut ne pas être aimée. Elle n'a pas besoin d'être aimée. Ce n'est ni la volupté ni la tendresse qu'elle symbolise. Elle est comme un objet d'art vivant, une savante et dernière composition humaine qui atteste que le Yankee, ce désespéré d'hier, ce vaincu du vieux monde, a su tirer de ce sauvage univers où il fut jeté par le sort toute une civilisation nouvelle, incarnée dans cette femme-là, son luxe et son orgueil. Tout s'éclaire de cette civilisation au regard de ces yeux profonds, . . . tout ce qui est l'Idéalisme de ce pays sans Idéal, ce qui sera sa perte peut-être, mais qui jusqu'ici demeure sa grandeur: la foi absolue, unique, systématique et indomptable dans la Volonté."

With the West the author does not seem to have any personal acquaintance. In his chapter on "Cowboys" he tells some marvellous stories. We know not what to think of the vivacious anecdote of the men who, weary to see some eminent emanation of the East, planned the kidnapping of Mdle. Sarah Bernhardt as she passed Green River on her way to the Pacific. The great actress had taken an earlier express, and was saved from her embarrassing captors. M. Bourget occupies nearly fifty pages with a "Confession of a Cowboy," the source of which is very vaguely stated. All this, we must acknowledge, seems rather poor to us, and must have been collected at worse than second-hand. Those chapters, on the contrary, which deal with the South, are particularly fresh and charming. There is no sort of connection between the close of the second volume, which deals with an excursion through Georgia and Florida, and the rest of the book, yet no one will wish this species of appendix omitted. The author gives an exceedingly picturesque and humorous picture of life in a Georgian watering-place, which he calls Phillipeville, where somebody or other is lynched every year. M. Bourget, as in duty bound, tells a spirited story of a "lynchage." He describes, too, in his very best style, the execution of a rebellious but repentant mulatto.

When our author proceeded still further South, he had not the good fortune to see such striking sights, or to meet with so singular a population. But at Jacksonville, Florida, he was able, as nowhere else, to study the negro at home, and at St. Augustine he discovered to his delight a sort of Cannes or Monte Carlo of America, with its gardens of oranges and jasmine, its green oaks and its oleanders. He rejoiced, after his long inland wanderings, to see the ocean breaking on the reefs of Anastasia. Upon the whole, whether in the North or the South, M. Bourget has been pleased with the United States. He has recognized the two great defects of that country: its incoherence, and its brutality. He has recognized the factitious character of its cultivation, the corruption of its politics, the general excess of its activity. He delights in three typical American words, and discovers *puff*, *boom*, and *bluff* at every turn. He comes back to Europe at last with that emotion of gratitude which every European feels, however warmly he has been welcomed in America, and in however favourable a light American life has been shown to him. Yet he is conscious of its high virtues, its noble possibilities, and on the whole his picture of the great Republic, so carefully and modestly prepared, so conscientiously composed, is in a high degree a flattering and attractive one.

13 April, 1895.

SIR A. C. RAMSAY.

"Memoir of Sir Andrew Crombie Ramsay." By Sir Archibald Geikie, F.R.S., &c. With portraits. London: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

SIR A. C. RAMSAY, better known as Professor Ramsay, was one of the links between the geologists still in active work and the generation which included such men as De la Beche and Fitton, Sedgwick and Murchison, Buckland and Lyell. His life was comparatively uneventful; it was devoted to work in the field and the office; he was not ever a great traveller. Still, the personality of the man was so marked, the charm of his nature so great, as to demand some record more permanent than the obituary notices of scientific periodicals. A biographer more sympathetic could not have been found. Between the two there was so much in common: both were born north of the Tweed; both were endowed with a keen sense of humour; both were characterized by the same mental catholicity—geologists to the backbone, yet interested in botany, zoology, and archaeology; both true lovers of the beauty and grandeur of nature. There is yet another link between them: Sir A. Ramsay wrote well, Sir A. Geikie writes even better. In this respect the latter has few rivals among his compeers in science, and scarce any superior. So he has given an excellent sketch of the subject of his memoir, with sufficient quotations from Ramsay's letters and other writings to place the man clearly before his readers, and he has done all this in a volume of moderate size; telling the story so pleasantly that, though without any moving incidents, it is never dull.

Andrew Crombie Ramsay was born in 1814, at Glasgow, being the third of four children. His father, William Ramsay, was a manufacturer of chemicals for dyeing and other purposes, and a man of an inventive and distinctly scientific mind. Unfortunately, when Andrew was in his fourteenth year, the father died rather suddenly, leaving his widow and children in very straitened circumstances. But she was a woman no less brave than affectionate, and contrived, by receiving boarders into her home, to give her children a start in the world. Andrew's education, of course, was cut short, and he went at once, as had been always intended, into a house of business. He was not, however, fortunate either in those who trained him or in a subsequent venture on his own account. But as he approached manhood he found refreshment in the study of geology, especially devoting himself to that of the Isle of Arran. When the British Association met at Glasgow in September 1840, maps, sections, and a model illustrating the geological structure of the island were exhibited, and on this subject Ramsay read his first scientific paper. The high quality of the work, for so young a man, attracted the attention of more than one geologist of note, and after a few months, Sir R. Murchison, who was then contemplating a tour in Russia, invited Ramsay to accompany him as an assistant. Murchison's plans were subsequently changed, but he obtained for the young man, who had already arrived in London, a post on the Geological Survey. The pay then was even more inadequate than it is now, but Ramsay had got the work which he loved; he threw himself into it heart and soul, gradually climbed the official ladder, though more slowly than his friends had hoped, was for a time also Professor of Geology at University College, and then, for twenty-five years, lecturer in the Royal School of Mines, became Director-General in 1872, and retired and was knighted at the close of 1881. His health had already shown signs of failure, and soon after this a kind of torpor stole over his mental and bodily powers till he passed away peacefully in the last month of 1891.

In addition to a large amount of geological work, more or less official, both in the field and at Jermyn Street, Ramsay edited and partly wrote a volume of the Survey Memoirs—that on the geology of North Wales. He also wrote a "Physical Geography and Geology of Great Britain," a book which, small at first, grew with later editions. He was the author of numerous separate papers and memoirs, communicated to various societies. His strength lay on the physical and the stratigraphical side of geology, and like his predecessor, the head of

the Survey, Sir R. Murchison, he cared little for the petrological. Neither of them seemed to understand that the study of rocks requires as much care and precision as that of fossils. This, by its indirect action on the Survey, tended to make its influence adverse to progress in that branch of the science, and the official verdict on any difficult question was frequently and with good reason disputed. Once, when his future biographer and another junior member of the Survey were studying some thin slices of rocks under the microscope, Ramsay exclaimed: "I don't believe in looking at a mountain with a microscope." The remark was characteristic, not only of his feeling on this subject, but also of a certain incaution which occasionally led him astray. Had he said "only with a microscope," he would have emphasized a warning which, as experience has shown, has been sometimes needed.

Of Ramsay's shorter geological memoirs, the most noted is undoubtedly that on "the glacial origin of certain lakes in Switzerland, &c.," read to the Geological Society in 1862; for it started a controversy which has not yet been closed. His views on the excavatory powers of glaciers found much favour with geologists in general, though less, perhaps, with those who were most familiar with the Alps. Whether these views were right or wrong the value of the memoir is indubitably great; for it cleared away many misconceptions, was suggestive in the highest degree, called attention to many important facts, and incited other geologists to a closer study of the subject. Ramsay, in fact, whether as teacher or writer, was always stimulating; the brilliancy and the originality of his ideas, even when they did not convince, aroused interest, challenged examination, and demanded the closest investigation. Perhaps he might overlook some other aspect of the question, but he was sure to enforce one which ought not to be forgotten.

In the pages of this memorial we see Ramsay in the brightness and vigour of his best period; energetic and delighting in work, genial and warm-hearted, irrepachable in every relation of family life; a man of many friends, and though not averse from controversy, respected and even loved by opponents, for he fought fair, and bore no malice. He has left the example of a well-spent life, and his name will always occupy a high place among the geologists of the Victorian age.

THE EVOLUTION OF DOGMA.

"History of Dogma." By Dr. Adolph Harnack. Translated from the third German edition by Neil Buchanan. Vol. I. Williams & Norgate. 1895.

DR. HARNACK'S English admirers—and they are many—have already enjoyed his "Outlines of the History of Dogma," and will no doubt fall upon this larger work with a hearty stomach. There is no German critic whom we love better than Dr. Harnack, and he knows it well, and thanks us very prettily; and yet it is with unfeigned sadness that one cuts the leaves of this great work, and studies the labyrinthine plan of it all, the prolegomena and presuppositions, the digs in the ribs or pats upon the back given to former essayists from Mosheim to Nitzsch, Ritschl and Loofs, the preparations, supplementaries, pendant jewels of notes, appendices, lists of literature, and all such pomp and circumstance. It is patriotism, perhaps, which moves us to this sadness, and patriotism was entirely unknown to early Christians, our author assures us. For it was towards this work that our Dr. Hatch was bending all his thought and learning, as we see by his posthumous work called "The Influence of Greek Ideas and Usages upon the Christian Church"; but the abhorred Fury with the shears was beforehand with him. Therefore let the reader of this book pay to our scholar, without prejudice to Dr. Harnack, the meed of the kindly voice and "wish he were here." For excellent as this book is, it is but a dull and faithful translation of a mighty but untidy German treatise, and its style is intolerable to the lover of English. The thought is gold of Ophir, but the nuggets are rubbled and unsightly to English eyes, and we may say this without ingratitude, for the matter must be confessed to be excellent, and the temper of the author lofty, severe, candid, and unprejudiced;

and what more need be said? It would be idle to add illos qui Christiani vocantur fidem suam e parabolis petiisse. Hi tamen interdum faciunt qualia qui vere philosophantur" (p. 235, n. 2). The attempt to establish an intellectual basis from the Sermon on the Mount alone ended in the Marcionite and Encratite heresies, whose modern imitators would be wise to ponder well Dr. Harnack's careful and kindly chapter upon Marcion and his attempt to elevate a better God above the God of Creation.

Dr. Harnack divides the history of dogma into three stages, which the reader will best understand by three loose popular terms—fact, method, and authority. Up to the seventh General Council, the dogmas propounded were in the form of facts about God and Christ. In the second stage, for which St. Augustine is chiefly responsible, the dogmas concern the workings of Grace pervenient and co-operant, and centre chiefly around the Sacraments. In the third and last stage the dogmas concern authority, and this stage begins with the Reformation, and is provisionally settled by the Tridentine and Vatican decrees. Our author's view of dogma is that originally it is "the formulation of Christian faith, as Greek culture understood it and justified it to itself," but that is not a sufficient definition. We must add the word "authoritative," and restrict our definition to fundamental truths *quæ sine scelere prodi non poterint*, and we must also add some social element, if our definition is to be complete, for the confessors of the same dogmas form a community. Armed with these pellucid notions of dogma, Dr. Harnack next sets forth his pre-suppositions, and these contain much compressed and debateable matter not to be shortly summarized. But we may notice that he lays more stress upon the Christian community being founded upon the personal belief of its members than is generally admitted, for the Incarnation supposes that men are believed in, long before they believe, and are loved by God, before they either know or love Him. It is also possible that Dr. Harnack overestimates the prevalence of the personal illumination theory, whereby the Holy Ghost is thought to act immediately upon individuals, which is called in the text the enthusiastic and apocalyptic spirit. This "disappeared in the middle of the third century," when the Christian Church realized herself as the new Commonwealth of God. But an admission is and must be made (page 50, note), that these fitful and visible manifestations of the Holy Ghost were not from the earliest times regarded as the chiefest and most notable workings of the Spirit.

The main theory elaborated is this, that the Christian development of Judaism was fired and fused with the Greek spirit, and Catholicism was the result, a Catholicism which was forced into accounting for itself, and to accomplish this end had "to cast out every line and turn every stone and try every argument," but which had left behind it the calm of its earlier days, and incorporated within itself certain external elements and accretions which it is the function of the historian to point out, label, and if possible to date. For instance, "the consciousness of universal sinfulness was first made the negative fundamental frame of mind of Christendom by Augustine."

In plain words, the Christian Church started without any clearly formulated doctrines, but with an enthusiasm for a God who was Love and Light, and whose child Jesus had come to fill men with the Holy Spirit. This confession was made at a very early period united with the short proclamation of the history of Jesus (p. 157), and this in the Roman community was formulated before the middle of the second century into something very like the Apostles' Creed. But it was the Gnostics who were the first theologians, who asked what this faith meant. These people, not being steadied by the Jewish tradition and the Old Testament interpreted in a Christian sense, acutely Hellenized the new faith and the morality which had so powerfully won the men of the pagan world. They made "vigorous attempts to understand the Pauline and Johannine ideas." They supplied the explicit philosophy which cultivated on-lookers saw to be wanting. But this philosophy was dualist. The Creator and God of the Old Testament was opposed by them to the Mediator; matter was the low work of the hostile God, and evil inherent in it; but the evil is controlled by æons. Christ revealed a new God, and was immaterial. The Church was merely a college of pneumatici, who alone are capable of divine knowledge, a spiritual aristocracy infinitely removed from the hylic rabble, and going from light to light until they reach a pleroma. Now it is plain that these antinomian "thinkers" had the Church at their mercy. We have but to take a peep at her through Galen's spectacles. "Nostro tempore videmus homines

petiisse. Hi tamen interdum faciunt qualia qui vere philosophantur" (p. 235, n. 2). The attempt to establish an intellectual basis from the Sermon on the Mount alone ended in the Marcionite and Encratite heresies, whose modern imitators would be wise to ponder well Dr. Harnack's careful and kindly chapter upon Marcion and his attempt to elevate a better God above the God of Creation.

In the course of his history Dr. Harnack touches many burning questions. He agrees that our Lord claimed the Messiahship (64, n. 2); that the Logos of the fourth Gospel and that of Philo have little in common but the name (p. 97), as Dr. Westcott has stoutly maintained; that the farewell discourses in the last Gospel "proceed from Jesus"; that "miracles cannot be eliminated from the historical accounts without utterly destroying them" (65, n. 3). On the other hand, he considers that "history is unable to bring any succour to faith" as touching the Resurrection of our Lord. Yet where the really Christian "faith exists, it has always been supported by the conviction that the Man lives who brought life and immortality to light" (86, n.). The earliest views of our Lord are either that He was a man adopted by God, or else the highest being after God. The descent into hell remained uncertain in the first century. "A fixed organization was reached and the apostolic episcopal constitution established only in consequence of the Gnostic crisis which was epoch-making in every respect." In New Testament criticism Dr. Harnack unhesitatingly rejects the great assumption of the Dutch school that the first Epistle to the Corinthians is a forgery. He is "not certain of the non-genuineness of the Epistle to the Ephesians." He groups the Epistle to the Hebrews, 1 Peter, and the Pastoral Epistles as belonging to the Pauline circle, as effects of St. Paul's teaching or independent parallels to the same.

Finally, this diffuse and masterly book contains one very small jest, which, since it is the first ever known to have been found in any book of German divinity since the discovery of that nation, we chronicle for the astonishment of the reader: "Morality frequently underwent change for the worse in the hands of Cynics, and became the morality of a 'Gentleman,' such as we have also experience of in modern Cynicism." *Plaudite gentes!*

SOUTHEY'S LETTERS.

"Robert Southey: the Story of His Life, written in his Letters." Edited by John Dennis. London: Geo. Bell & Sons. 1894.

A HIGH place in the foremost rank of English letter-writers has for long been accorded to Southey, but there is reason to fear that, nowadays, most people are content to accept the verdict without studying the eleven portly octavos which contain the evidence. In these the story of Southey's life is told with a fullness almost, if not quite, unique in biographical and autobiographical literature, and Mr. Dennis is to be praised for the feeling which prompted his attempt to extract and condense it for a preoccupied generation. Unfortunately, it is impossible to congratulate him on the result of his labours. His failure (for the book is a failure) is rendered the less excusable by the fact that he had before him the warning of another, the six-volumed "Life and Correspondence," framed on the same plan, letters connected by links of narrative and elucidations. Considering the uncommon excellence of the materials, both failures to make the best or even something tolerable of them, must be attributed to the same deficiencies in the workmen—lack of literary faculty, of critical judgment, and, above all, of the sense of perspective. Cuthbert Southey laboured under additional disabilities: he stood far too near both in relationship and in time to his subject, and he was obliged to consider innumerable family and friendly susceptibilities, reasonable and unreasonable. Mr. Dennis was hampered by none of these accidental disadvantages; and he had, besides, ready at hand in orderly printed pages the collections of his predecessor, of Mr. Warton, and of Professor Dowden, to say nothing of the invaluable aid of the side-lights afforded by the published memoirs of Southey's contemporaries. Naturally, his condemnation is the greater

Southey was so considerable a figure in the literary and political history of his times, and so shining an example of all the virtues, altogether so interesting and important both as a man and a man of letters, that a well-considered biography within manageable limits, is a thing much to be desired. Doubtless, the existence of his son's lifeless "Life" has proved an obstacle in the way of such an enterprise; but nothing ever stands in the way of the bookmaker. In the present instance, by supplying a fresh obstacle, Mr. Dennis has added to the discouragements of the competent biographer; but, notwithstanding, it is to be hoped that some craftsman, possessed of the needful skill, knowledge, and sympathy, may be induced to fill a place in our literature which has been standing empty for more than half a century. In spite of the failure of his predecessors to achieve success, the new biographer can hardly do better than adhere in the main to their common plan; so ample and so fine in quality is the material, that skillful selection, condensation, and annotation from auxiliary sources—intelligent editing, in short, is all that is required.

It would be impossible, even were it worth while, within reasonable limits of space, to expose fully the shortcomings of this book. Even as a selection from the three published collections of Southey's letters, which seem to be the boundaries of Mr. Dennis's knowledge, it is meagre and ill-considered. Of the existence of the many important letters written by and to Southey to be found in such books (to indicate only a few) as the memoirs of William Taylor and Landor, the autobiography and correspondence of Henry Taylor and the Coleorton Letters, Mr. Dennis appears to know nothing. Again, the lives of no other human beings were ever so intricately interwoven as those of Southey and Coleridge, yet no reader of Mr. Dennis's book would suspect anything of the kind.

The bookmaker has latterly acquired the habit of attempting to disguise the true nature of his performance by prefixing a pseudo-critical "Introduction," with an air about it calculated to impose on the general reader, and here Mr. Dennis is not found wanting. The opening sentence of his second paragraph is a positive triumph of the *non sequitur*:

"No one has described the invigorating and soothing power of books more happily than Southey; and with two or three exceptions [unnamed], there is, perhaps, no man of letters of this century whose name is worthier of esteem."

What Southey "wants or seems to want," we are told, "is that incommunicable and divine gift which separates the inspired poet from the consummate artificer in verse"—such as Southey, presumably!

But absurdities like these are a welcome relief in an essay (reprinted from a reputable magazine it would be cruel to name) made up of skumble-skamble stuff of which the following is a fair specimen:

"Time is the one trustworthy critic whose verdict is unimpeachable, and the way time has treated a number of poets who flourished between the years 1800 and 1825, might almost lead us to accept the judgment of Mr. Bagehot that 'the pursuit of fame seems more absurd and trifling than most pursuits.'"

FICTION.

"Old Brown's Cottages." By "John Smith" in the Pseudonym Library. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1895.

THIS is an odd book. A district visitor, who appears chiefly as "Miss" throughout the story, a "young lady" with memories of a schoolgirl education in her head, and her troubles all before her, goes raiding into the cottages of a number of adults. These adults have read deeply in the book of life, know hunger, know want of every kind, know desire; the women have mostly borne children, all have tasted sin and know the bitterness of its fruit, and felt death beside them in their hovels. Only for lack of schooling they are dumb, and our young lady, who writes an agreeable style with occasional jolts—"accipitral" for "accipitrine," "regular" for "regularly," and so forth—gives us her opinions on their affairs. The great business of the book is getting some children baptized, by cutting off the Church charities

from the mother. "In dealing with the poor one has often, for the sake of the children, to appeal to very low motives in the parents." The young lady is very hard on the low-class female for presuming to feathers in her hat—the point crops up twice—and she raises up one Widgery to proclaim that the final result of a successful strike will be that the hands will "drink away" their enhanced wages "to their own ruin." She testifies, moreover, to an entire lack of sexual honour on the part of our proletarians. Some day, perhaps, this young lady will learn the æsthetic defect of her superior attitude. She will discover that, in spite of Disraeli, "the Poor" in England are not a distinct nationality; they are of exactly the same race as the Middle Class which supplies them with District Visitors—their chief difference is that they are more fundamental and less conventional, getting such ideas as they have from experience rather than from books. If the English cottager is either venial and vicious like Mrs. Hogg, or abject to those above him, like the loathsome Widgerys, then the English *bourgeois* and professional classes, being of the same flesh and blood and without much genuine "culture," must be essentially the same, and the pose of superiority "Miss" assumes is absurd. There are some authors one loves at the first reading, but, frankly, it is the reverse in the present case. "John Smith" tastes of governess; she is as keen and unsympathetic as an east wind. The tenants of old Brown's cottages have more to endure than "John Smith" suspects; we have even a sneaking sympathy with Mrs. Hogg.

"A London Legend." By Justin Huntley McCarthy. London: Chatto & Windus. 1895.

Into that dull little world of the journalist-novelist, the British Museum, Regent's Park, and the wilds of the Wealden heights, a world that has already formed the matrix of at least three novels that we have read this spring, Mr. McCarthy has introduced the mysterious Indian, and an impossible young woman of good family who loiters in the sculpture gallery of the Museum and accosts men. The mysterious Indian became popular in the "Moonstone." You will remember there were several of him then in quest of a sacred jewel. Since then the trio has broken up, but they continue to haunt the fiction of our land individually in an attenuated state, and perpetrate unexpected murders. Swift, the hero, is a scholarly person, eminent as a Socialist, and earning what appears to be a comfortable income, by the feminine trade of hack translation. The impossible young woman picks him up in the British Museum, seduces his love under an alias, and finally relents, tells him her true name, overrides his maiden indignation at deceit, and marries him. Before the reader is well through volume one, the entire plot is as visible as the skeleton of a starved horse. By sheer inadvertency we took volume three next after volume one, and only discovered the mistake at p. 56, by the accident of some small occasion that necessitated our putting the book face downward on the desk. To return to volume two would have been ingratitude to fortune, and we still remain in a pleasant state of ignorance why that volume exists. We perceived no gap in the development. Mr. McCarthy writes an easy, slightly scholarly style, and has evidently visited the scenes he describes. If his story is a poor one, it is at least clean and well dressed.

"Lucilla, an Experiment." By Alice Spinner. London: Kegan Paul. 1895.

Lucilla is an English governess who went to the West Indies, married a quadroon, and experienced all that savage social cruelty that the pure-minded, pure-blooded English know so well how to inflict. When it came to the marrying, all the clergy of St. José pretended to be ill. It is a book to make one ashamed of one's fellow countrymen and countrywomen, for there is an air about it of truth. The story displays very considerable imaginative and constructive power. But the style, if one may call it a style, is that flabby, lymphatic excess of words, to which the feminine pen is so liable. A respectable fly of story drowns in a sea of ink, if we may adapt (and partly spoil) Mr. Birrell's verdict upon Hannah More. Life is too short for conversations of this kind:

"'Welcome back to San José,' he said, grasping both Miss Gale's slender hands. 'No, never mind about

your luggage; Mr. Davison, my new secretary, will see to that—custom-house and all. You will gain nothing by waiting. I will drive you straight to Grove Hill. They are longing to get back their Lady Principal."

Miss Spinner would benefit by a study of good models. Let her take "On the Eve," for instance—a book the present reviewer has just been praising. Not a word is spoken that does not develop the story and leave its proper contribution to the general impression on the mind.

"Transplanted Manners." By Elizabeth E. Evans. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1895.

The chronicles of the Pension Irgendwo, as written by Miss Elizabeth Evans in "Transplanted Manners," are most fascinating reading. Miss Evans is—for the purposes of her novel—an elderly American maiden lady whose main business in life is watching other people in the German boarding-house where she has taken up her stay. The authoress has a keen perception of the humorous, and her kindly, sharp-sighted spinster writes with delightful *naïveté* and very shrewd observation. There are all sorts in the pension—German, French, English, and American, wedded and unwedded, male and female. It is a little hotbed of love affairs, intrigues, petty jealousies, the natural man (and woman) coming out more plainly for the transplantation process. Miss Evans has succeeded to admiration in getting the "atmosphere" of the pension into her pages, and one feels while perusing her book as if one were living again for a time in that curious world where every human being is an interesting mystery for every other one; where the one thing needful is to find out something about a new arrival that the rest of the household does not know; and where no male can safely look at any female without the certainty of a little gossip on the part of the bystanders, and the probability of an agreeable scandal. Miss Evans has two sets of persons in the book in whom she is seriously interested. One of these is a certain hypocritical Mr. Montague, who is discovered (after his death) to have been a most hard-hearted profligate: "I am only sorry that he died in the belief of our continued ignorance of his true character," says the chronicler, "and wherever he may be, I hope he knows how completely we have found him out." We are not, however, much carried away by the tale of him and his victims. Miss Evans does vastly better with a foolishly kind American mother, Mrs. Baxter, and her wicked little daughter Jessie. The conception and characterization of this pretty little passionate flirt, whose natural destiny is obviously to come to grief with men (though she does not actually do so in Miss Evans's pages) are excellent: they alone make the book very well worth reading. And there is many a touch of bright description, many a thoughtful and kindly reflection which will help to make the unpretentious, quietly-written little volume linger in one's memory.

"A Little Journey in the World." By Charles Dudley Warner. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1894.

Mr. Warner calls his new book "a novel," but it is rather a study of the effect of wealth and social influence upon a nicely brought-up young woman's character. Margaret Debreë was sweet, pure, beautiful, with a strong desire to lead the higher life and elevate mankind. Titles and wealth had no attraction for her maiden heart; when we hear that an English Earl, who had come over to America to study the manners and customs of the natives, proposed to her, she refused him on the spot. This was a pity, because, in spite of his aristocratic birth, he loved the things of the mind and yearned, like her, to lead the higher life. They might have led it together in modest refinement, if Mr. Warner had so willed. However, to him it seemed otherwise, and he married her to an unscrupulous young business man who fell in love with her at first sight and was straightway beloved. They were very happy together; but he made millions. So she became very worldly, shut her eyes to his shady transactions, gave large sums to charity without bothering herself about it, lived in palaces, led the fashion, and became spiritually dead. There might be a tragedy in this; but Mr. Warner needs a good deal of help from the reader, if the latter is to

feel it. It may be that to a good many Margaret will remain to the end of her brief life a bright and charming creature, who was meant for nothing other than being a beautiful woman of society and a devoted wife, and who did Fate's bidding admirably. Mr. Warner is a graceful writer, and his discursiveness, which is perhaps responsible for two-thirds of his four hundred pages, is very attractive. He does not (here) tell a story well; but his disquisitions and conversation on men, women, the gods, and the fluctuations in stocks please us very much indeed.

"Tandem." By W. B. Woodgate. Two vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1895.

Mr. Woodgate was an authority on rowing; he is intolerable on love and life. It really ought to be a punishable offence to insult the public with such a thing as "Tandem." It is written in slang throughout; its tone is vulgar; the story is full of dull certainties and duller improbabilities, and the characters, if they lived, would deserve no better fate, one and all, than to read Mr. Woodgate's novels all their lives. Mr. Woodgate's manner of narrative in English may be judged from such specimens (of which there are two volumes) as this: "Then she sat down, and her lips quivered, and she undramatically rubbed her knuckles into her eyes to mop tears; that only turned on the tap; in another instant she was sobbing, in much relief at the opening of a safety-valve." The "she" in question is one of Mr. Woodgate's heroines, and an insufferably vulgar young female she is, though evidently meant to be a refined lady. Mr. Woodgate in Latin matches his title with "as *per lex non scripta*." There is one good thing in Mr. Woodgate's book: it is a very pretty song on page 185 of vol. i. We do not know who the author is.

"The Melancholy of Stephen Allard." A Private Diary. Edited by Garnet Smith. London: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

The holy man of the East fixes his eyes on the pit of his stomach and makes himself drowsy to the point of insensibility. Mr. Garnet Smith produces a similar effect upon the reader by fixing *his* eyes on the inside of himself. His gaze is, however, perpetually diverted from his curious occupation by the study of a dictionary of quotations or some such work. His paragraphs have attractive headings, such as "The Consolation of Metaphysics Continued," "The Subjective Melancholy of Realists and Idealists," "The Remedy of Ecstasy," and every paragraph is adorned with proper names, quotations, and fragments of foreign tongues. In one section of two pages we find Urmano, Spoglia, Renova, Dante, the Polybian sages, Imlac and Rasselas, Voltaire, Faust and Gretchen, Renan, Caliban, and Madame d'Epinay, to take no count of *begriff* and *vorstellung*, the Italian Renaissance, Esoteric Ideas, and similar trifles. This is not an unfair specimen of Mr. Smith's method, which reminds one a little of that of the makers of the motto calendars: you pull off a page every day and reveal a new quotation with a new proper name. Any one line is as good as any other for a given day of the year, and in the sight of the purchaser all authors are equal. One might easily pass for a learned man in these days by paying a little attention to such contrivances, and perhaps it was in some such fashion that Mr. Smith arrived at his surprising condition. It is a pity, however, that he has followed their examples so closely as to completely disregard congruity and cohesion. It does not make his book lively reading for those who do not care for tit-bits literature.

"Tryphena in Love." By Walter Raymond. London: J. M. Dent & Co. 1895.

Here again we feel that inverse relation of merit and the length of a reviewer's discourse, to which we have already alluded. Mr. Raymond has written a sweet and delicate little love story that one should read on a holiday afternoon under the open sky; Mr. West has designed a really beautiful cover for it, and drawn some appropriately dainty illustrations; and what else can one say? One might as well criticize honeysuckle. Messrs. Dent have certainly begun their "Iris Library" well.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Life and Times of 'The Druid' (Henry Hall Dixon)." By the Hon. Francis Lawley. London: Vinton & Co., Ltd. 1895.

"The Druid" Sporting Library." Four vols. New Edition, with Portraits, &c. London: Vinton & Co., Ltd. 1895.

NOT sportsmen merely, but all lovers of literature whose love is at all generous, will welcome this trim and attractive edition of the works of "The Druid." Better reading than is provided in "The Post and the Paddock," in "Silk and Scarlet," in "Scott and Sebright," and in "Saddle and Sirloin," is not to be found in the literature of English country life and English sport. Our satisfaction in these crimson-clad volumes is completed by Mr. Lawley's biography of "The Druid," which in spirit and treatment, and as to the outward view, is in perfect accord with its companions. While we share the surprise Mr. Lawley expresses that Henry Hall Dixon should have lacked a biographer until now, we are confident that no one could be more competent to make good the neglect than Mr. Lawley. His memoir of Dixon is an excellent piece of work. He has given us a singularly vivid sketch of a most engaging personality. His portraiture is remarkable, not merely for its truth and force of characterization, but for a quality of sympathetic insight that renders it peculiarly touching. Many readers, we are certain, who never set eyes on "The Druid," who are wholly divorced from the world of hunting and the turf, of cattle-breeding and other pursuits or sports of the country gentleman, will be stirred by something of an affectionate regard towards Henry Hall Dixon. The sentiment is indeed inspired by Dixon's captivating books. But Mr. Lawley's memoir will quicken the feeling of attraction towards this curiously original character, so shy and silent, so eccentric and odd, in the eyes of the world, yet so powerful in magic and eloquence when he took up his pen. Like George Borrow, whom in several respects he greatly resembled, his passion for independence and freedom to wander where he willed was all-absorbing. He declined a political career, which he might have made distinguished, when Sir James Graham offered him a post under the Government of which he was a prominent member. Sir James was pleased with his political contributions to the *Examiner* and *Punch*. Mr. Lawley thinks he would have made but a "moderate official." That may be quite probable, yet as a writer he would unquestionably have proved a valuable ally. Everybody will be thankful now that Dixon preferred to live his "roving life" rather than to take "a dull daily walk from Kensington to the Admiralty and back to dinner." How strongly he was wedded to the unfettered freedom of a "vagrom life" is still more illustrated by his refusal of the editorship of *Bell's Life* when that journal was at the height of its renown. Yet he let this certainty of a settled income go by, and never afterwards made more than a few hundreds a year, five or six at most, by his inimitable writings. Of his books there is no need to speak. The mere mention of "Saddle and Sirloin," for instance, calls up his marvellous pictures of country scenes and sports, his admirable skill in story-telling, and many delightful recollections of Lord Althorp, John Grey of Dilton, Charles Waterton, Anthony Maynard, John Osborne, the late Sir Tatton Sykes, and other worthies. Mr. Lawley relates some striking stories in illustration of his engaging nature, by which he would, like Borrow, win the confidence of all sorts of men in the most varied walks of life. People who were in any way "characters," those pleasant persons who never seem "to grow up," and necessarily all children, come instinctively under the charm of "The Druid."

"The Early History of the Town and Port of Hedon." By J. R. Boyle, F.S.A. Hull and York: Brown & Sons; London: Simpkin & Co. 1895.

Not many people, save those of an archaeological disposition, would be able, we suspect, to indicate the precise locality of Hedon, of whose bygone glories and importance Mr. Boyle has compiled an elaborate record in this portly volume. Hedon, the port of the first Lords of Holderness, is indeed a decayed port. Although not mentioned in the Domesday Survey, it was a place of considerable consequence as early as the eleventh century. It was brought low by its great modern neighbour, even when that rival port was far from its modern development. As Leland says, "Truths is that when Hulle began to flourish Heddon decayed." The reign of prosperity in Hedon was short. In the early years of the thirteenth century the place had already declined, and Hull, as Mr. Boyle shows, had far outgrown its more ancient neighbour. Mr. Boyle's researches in the early history of Hedon cover a considerable field. He deals with the antiquities and institutions, the charters and lists of burgesses, the three churches which the borough was rich enough to build and support, the parliamentary representation, and other subjects of interest. He attempts also a topographical reconstruction of the somewhat intricate series of havens and waterways, natural and artificial, that constituted the Port of Hedon. This delicate enterprise, with much more of the kind, commands the attention of archaeologists. Of the noble church of St. Augustine he gives an excellent description, entering minutely into the history of the fabric and all its features of interest. Mr. Boyle has treated the subject, on which he has expended much labour, in a comprehensive spirit, and it cannot be doubted that his work will

prove not less interesting than serviceable to students. His handsome volume is extremely well illustrated with maps, plans, and other drawings.

"Ivan the Terrible: his Life and Times." By Austen Pember. London: A. P. Marsden. 1895.

Mr. Austen Pember is probably correct in assuming that very few English readers are acquainted with the history of Ivan the Terrible and "the singular and horrible facts of his career." He is undoubtedly right in selecting the sixteenth century as a period of Russian history much less familiar to the general than are the two succeeding centuries. It is indeed a "dim and far-away time," as Mr. Pember says, yet for all its savagery and gloom, a time of expansion for Russia, both with regard to the Tartar foes on her eastern confines and the Mohammedan power on her south-eastern borders. The significance of the Siberian invasion by Yermak and his Cossacks, though scarcely to be accounted a "conquest of Siberia," is rightly estimated by Mr. Pember, and accorded a prominent place in his excellent sketch of the reign of Ivan. It is necessary to recall, as one reads of the tortures and poisonings, the hideous massacres and incredible fanaticism of this Tsar, that the Russia described in this volume had any communications with western kingdoms, such as France and England, and that the times of Ivan the Terrible corresponded with the dawn of Elizabethan England. Mr. Pember's picturesque narrative is admirably enforced by the writer's careful observance of contemporary English testimony and history.

"The Humour of Russia." Translated by E. L. Voyrich. With an introduction by Stepniak, and illustrations by Paul Frénzeny. London: Walter Scott. 1895.

This is one of the most interesting of the "International Humour" series, since it comprises some really exquisite examples of humour, such as Gogol's diverting little comedy "Marriage," and Ostrovsky's delightful sketch "Incompatibility of Temper." In many of the other pieces included in the collection, the humour is somewhat acrid and thin, satiric rather than genial, and not a few are in the spirit of sheer fooling, or flat representations of very primitive notions of fun. Goubounov, for example, is a kind of Russian "New Humourist." His police-court sketches are sad, dull sketches, fit only for a comic paper. Stepniak's single contribution, "The Story of a Kopeck," is of a politico-social nature, tinged with allegory. Remarkable in other respects, the author accurately refers to it as "a youthful production" that will scarcely be considered "of much credit to Russian humour." Still, we agree with him, that as the catholic taste of the translator admits Goubounov and others of his calibre, he has done well to let it remain in the company of Gogol and Ostrovsky.

"The Silent Room." By Mrs. Harcourt-Roe. London: Skeffington & Son. 1895.

"Phantasms." By Wirt Gerrare. London: The Roxburghe Press. 1895.

Tales of mystery and occultism must be expected to thrive while the Society for Psychical Research continues in activity. "The Silent Room," like Mrs. Harcourt-Roe's previous story of the unseen world, "A Man of Mystery," is remarkable for deft construction and the art that stimulates curiosity until the revealing moment arrives. The mystery gets on your nerves as you read, wondering what there is in the Silent Room, and imagine unutterable things of Godfrey Wilkinson and his solitary vigils. You may be disappointed in the end, but that affects not the writer's cleverness in rousing expectations, and must rather be reckoned against the S.P.R. and its methods of proceeding.

Mr. Wirt Gerrare is a writer of another school, and is not without affinity with Bulwer Lytton. He is decidedly gifted with the power of stirring a thrilling apprehension of unshaped fears, and when he summons spirits they certainly come, which is what does not befall to most modern necromancers. "The Dark Shadow" thoroughly merits that much-abused adjective "weird," and there is a pleasing Hoffmanish touch about "Mysterious Music."

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

SCRIBNER'S puts on a vernal cover, and honours the season with a gallery of "Easter Pictures," by various artists, and an "Easter Hymn," by Mr. Thomas Blackburn, embellished with a set of graceful designs by Mr. McCarter, which show an uncommon felicity from the decorative point of view, if somewhat too clearly inspired by M. Puvis de Chavannes. The "Easter Pictures" give us a set of contrasts. Mr. Abbey's mediæval theme is an exquisite drawing. Mr. Smedley opposes a modern church parade scene in New York to a piquant drawing of a New York Easter "long ago." Mr. Albert Lynch and Mr. E. L. Weeks illustrate Paris and Jerusalem at Eastertide, the drawing of the worshippers at the Holy Sepulchre by the last-named artist being as individual as any of the series. The literary matter is as varied as usual. Mr. Benjamin Andrews continues his History of the United States during the last quarter of a century, and deals chiefly with the career of Horace Greeley.

Le Monde Illustré (Paris: Quantin) is rich in attractive articles and illustrations. M. Edmond Neukomm discusses with discernment and appreciation the work of the Belgian painter, Alexander Struys, and M. Léo Claretie contributes a somewhat fervid yet very interesting paper on M. Jean Richepin. Mr. Baring-Gould and other preservers of popular song will note with approval the "Chansons de France" in this number of the *Monde Illustré*, which it is hoped will supplant the vulgar popular songs of the day. The songs are set to charming melodies, and are admirably adapted to delight the young pupils of the primary schools of France, for whom, with others, they are intended. M. Motoyosi-Saizau deals with the Japanese army in an interesting descriptive article, illustrated by quaint contemporary drawings by Japanese artists, and the music and words of a patriotic marching song. "Walking-stick Insects and Animated Leaves" is an excellent article by M. Léon Gérardin, illustrated by some beautiful drawings, which are "copyrighted," we observe, "by Harper," for the most part. Altogether, this is an exemplary number of a deservedly popular French review.

Temple Bar contains a further selection of Edward Fitzgerald's "Letters to Fanny Kemble," full of allusions to current stage matters and men of letters. "The Witch of Duldich," by Mary E. Mann, is a grim story of sorcery, told with excellent effect. Mr. Gresswell, in his chatty paper, "The Witchery of the Quantock Hills," treats of another kind of charm. "A Manchester Man of Letters" is a sketch of the versatile Dr. John Byrom, who invented a system of shorthand, and wrote much verse that was once held in high repute. The writer does not omit to note Byrom's Jacobite sympathies, but he does not credit him with the famous epigram on King and Pretender.

Autograph-hunters may be commended to a capital "Talk over Autographs" in the *Atlantic Monthly*, by Dr. Birkbeck Hill, who chats very agreeably over certain choice examples among his own collection. Another pleasant paper, devoted to a very different theme, is "Flower Lore of New England Children," by Alice Morse Earle. Mr. John Foster Kirk's article on "Macbeth" is well conceived and not without freshness of view.

Lippincott's has its monthly novel complete as usual—"Alain of Halfdene," by Anna Robeson Brown—and various contributions, some of a distinctly critical kind. "The Womanliness of Literary Women," by J. W. Abernethy, and "Woman's Lot in Persia," by Wolf von Schierbrand, are the most notable. There is an amusing paper on the "Evolution of Table Manners," and a curious sketch of "Bucolic Journalism in the West," which is likely to amaze English readers.

The *Musical Times* continues the series of reminiscent papers "From my Study," which have proved so attractive for months past, and comprise recollections of Mme. Schroeder Devrient, of whom a charming portrait is given, and some interesting excerpts from the Rev. James Plumptre's "Collections of Songs, moral, sentimental, instructive and amusing," printed at Cambridge, 1805. Mrs. Hannah More was a contributor to this edifying volume.

The *Strand Musical Magazine* contains a collection of music that is full of variety as to subjects, but not altogether of excellent quality. There are waltzes by Bucalossi and Bachmann, a Minuet by Carl Richter, a curious "Children's Song"; a charming Serenade by Raff; a "Mélodie" for piano and violin by Rubinstein; songs by Benjamin Godard, Theo Marzials, and the late Edward Solomon; and for piano-solo Grieg's "Norwegian Bridal Procession," which alone should suffice to gratify the unsophisticated buyer of the *Strand Musical*. Besides these questionable allurements, there are illustrated interviews with Mr. Cowen, Mr. George Grossmith, and Mr. J. S. Curwen.

Both in illustrations and text *Harper's* is an admirable issue. Mr. F. V. du Mond's sympathetic drawings for "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc" are such as accord perfectly with the charm of the singular document by Louis de Conte, which Mr. Alden has translated. "Things as they are," to quote the Godwinian phrase, are described and depicted with animation in "Paris in Mourning," by Mr. Richard Harding Davis, and in the curious account of "Club Life among Outcasts," by Mr. Josiah Flynt. The fascination that Venice offers to the artist has attracted countless writers and painters, yet the magic of the sea-girt city seems inexhaustible. Mr. Arthur Symons, at least, gives us impressions and sensations in his delightful "Venice in Easter" that have both freshness and piquancy, and these new aspects of Venice are agreeably supplemented and enforced by Mr. Guy Rose's drawings.

In the *Century* the "Life of Napoleon," by Professor Sloane, is carried on to the brilliant and critical victory of Arcola, and is very well illustrated with portraits and engravings of battle pictures after Détaillé and other masters. An admirable portrait of Mme. Réjane, after a drawing of Chr. Krogh, illustrates a brief note on the characteristics of the actress by Mr. J. H. McCarthy. Mr. Howard Pyle illustrates with excellent spirit Miss Scarvell's article on the exploits of Paul Jones, which comprises, by the way, some unpublished correspondence of the famous piratical chief. Mrs. Preston's second paper on the further coast of the Adriatic sets forth the charms of Spalato,

Curzola, Lesina, and other world-forgotten ports of Illyria, and Mr. Joseph Pennell contributes some exquisite drawings of these romantic places. Scientific readers may be commended to an authoritative account, by Mr. T. C. Martin, of Nikola Tesla, his "Oscillator," and other inventions in electrical work. Altogether the *April Century* is stored with good matter.

The *Pall Mall Magazine* has for frontispiece a good reproduction of "The Itinerant Musician" of Ostade, now in the Corporation Galleries of Glasgow. The illustrations of the number are of great diversity, yet altogether up to the standard magazine. The short stories and descriptive articles comprise some noteworthy examples, such as "The Hand of Earle Rothes," by E. M. Hewitt, which will attract those who are interested in the revived science of divination by the hand. Lady Cook's "Chronicle of a Street" is a pleasant retrospective sketch of a Mayfair street. Mr. Besant's "Westminster" deals with the historical associations of the streets of the city, and is very well illustrated, the series of "griffins" from the roof of Henry VII.'s chapel being especially curious. Mr. Charles Gead's paper on "Yachting in France" is concerned with French canals and rivers; the Marne chiefly will interest many readers. Another article of a topographical nature is Mr. Bruce Boswell's "Foot-prints of the Devil in our own Country," which treats of the innumerable "Devil's Bridges," and other natural objects popularly dedicated to the devil or ascribed to Satanic labours. General Sir Evelyn Wood contributes a second article on the handling of cavalry in the Waterloo campaign.

Of the illustrated magazines that remain for notice *Atalanta*, with Mr. Edwin Oliver's excellent "Romance of London," well illustrated by Mr. Amor Fenn, is an attractive issue; *St. Nicholas* is entirely admirable, and, what it has long since been, the best of all magazines for young people; whilst the *Minster* offers a variety of readable papers, some of which treat of novel themes, such as Dr. Williamson's "A Great Monastic Printing Press," an interesting description of the printing establishment at Notre Dame des Prés, Neuville sous Montreuil-sur-Mer, which is fully illustrated.

We have also received the *New World*; the *Geographical Journal*; the *Windsor Magazine*; the *Argosy*; the *Antiquary*; the *Northern Genealogist*; the "Journal of the Derbyshire Archaeological Society"; the "Journal of the Royal United Service Institution"; *Cassier's Magazine*; the *Investors' Review*; the *Artist*; and *St. Luke's Magazine*.

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

ADVERTISEMENTS intended for the SATURDAY REVIEW should be addressed to Messrs. R. ANDERSON & Co., 14 COCKSPUR STREET; to the PUBLISHING OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND; or to the CITY OFFICE, 18 FINCH LANE, LONDON, E.C. A printed Scale of Charges may be obtained on application.

Copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW Bill of Contents will be forwarded every Friday Evening by post, prepaid, to any newsagent in Town or Country, on application to the Publisher.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MAPLE & CO

RARE CURIOUS

AND

INTERESTING FURNITURE

MAPLE and Co invite connoisseurs and others to visit their **SHOW ROOMS** for Rare, Curious, and Unique examples of old **CHIP-PENDALE**, Sheraton, Hepplewhite, Adam, Louis XIV. XV. XVI. Empire, Italian, Renaissance, Chinese, Japanese, and Indian **FURNITURE**

Everything Marked in plain figures

At purely commercial prices

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD
LONDON

LIFE INSURANCE AS AN INVESTMENT.

APPLY FOR PROSPECTUS OF THE

National Provident Institution.

Established 1835.

This Institution has always divided the large Profits arising from Endowment Assurances exclusively amongst the Policyholders in this class.

A. SMITHER,

48 Gracechurch Street, London.

ACTUARY AND SECRETARY.

SUN INSURANCE OFFICE,

63 Threadneedle Street, London, E.C. [FOUNDED 1710.

60 Charing Cross; 339 Oxford Street; 40 Chancery Lane.

THE OLDEST PURELY FIRE OFFICE IN THE WORLD.

Sum Insured in 1893, £395,854,440.

At the Investigation in 1884 and 1889 Early Bonus,

The Scottish Union & National Insurance Company

Policies, Whole Life, received for each year since they began to rank,

£2 A Bonus Addition of £2 per cent. £2

FIRE INSURANCE.—Almost all Descriptions of Property

Insured on the most favourable conditions.

EDINBURGH—35 ST. ANDREW SQUARE; LONDON—3 KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C.; DUBLIN—28 WESTMORELAND STREET.

THE COLONIAL MUTUAL

LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY LIMITED,

33 POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.

FUNDS EXCEED £1,660,000.

POLICIES ISSUED UNDER THE ORDINARY, MODIFIED TONTINE, AND MORTUARY DIVIDEND SYSTEMS.

EDWARD W. BROWNE, F.S.S., Manager.

Special Insurance for the Titled, Professional, & Mercantile Classes, COVERING THE RISK OF

ACCIDENTS AND INFECTIOUS DISEASES,

AND UNDER CERTAIN CIRCUMSTANCES

GRANTING AN ANNUITY AT PRACTICALLY ORDINARY PREMIUMS.

SUMS INSURED FROM

£500 TO £4,000.

With Disablement Allowances up to £12 a Week, and a WORLD-WIDE POLICY,

Granted by the OCEAN ACCIDENT & GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LTD., 40 & 44 MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

PROVIDENT LIFE OFFICE

(Founded 1808.)

50 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. City Office; 14 CORNHILL, E.C.

Claims Paid on Proof of Death and Title. Intermediate Bonuses.

Endowment Assurances with Profits. Half-Credit System Policies. Non-forfeitable Policies.

Special Advantages to the Naval and Military Professions.

DEATH DUTIES.

PROVISION MAY BE MADE BY MEANS OF LIFE INSURANCE TO MEET THESE DUTIES. Any New or Old Policy—absolutely the property of the Assured—will be endorsed whenever desired, during lifetime, making the Claim payable to meet Estate Duty BEFORE Probate is obtained.

INVESTED FUNDS	...	£2,900,205
CLAIMS AND SURRENDERS PAID	...	10,020,613
BONUSES DECLARED	...	3,288,236

Further Information on Application.

CHARLES STEVENS, Actuary and Secretary.

BRITISH WORKMAN'S and GENERAL ASSURANCE CO., Ltd.

Industrial and Ordinary Life Assurance.

The number of new proposals received during the half-year ending 31 Oct. 1894, was 169,432. The new premium income thereon, £99,560. Funds have increased 43 per cent. in the last 24 years. The present Funds exceed £300,000. The sum paid in claims up to 31 Oct. 1894, amounts to upwards of £1,300,000.

London (City) Office—

WEST ST., FINSBURY PAVEMENT, E.C.

Chief Offices—

BROAD ST. CORNER, BIRMINGHAM.

THE HOSPITAL for DISEASES OF THE THROAT, GOLDEN SQUARE, W. (FOUNDED 1863.)

Patron—HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

The Committee of Management earnestly ask for—

DONATIONS to pay for the necessary Extensions.

SUBSCRIPTIONS to keep up the new Children's Ward.

LEGACIES to form an Endowment Fund.

Bankers—Sir SAMUEL SCOTT, Bart., & CO.

W. HOLT, Secretary.

NATIONAL ORPHAN HOME,

HAM COMMON, RICHMOND, SURREY.

OFFICE: 12 PALL MALL, S.W.

Patrons.

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE,

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS CHRISTIAN.

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY.

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF TECK.

The object of this Charity is to receive 'Orphan Girls from Seven to Twelve Years of Age, without distinction as to Religion, into a "Home" where they can obtain a plain English Education, a practical instruction in the Kitchen, House, and Laundry, to fit them for all Household Duties, and are taught to cut out, make, and mend their own clothes. Over 600 have thus been more or less provided for. There are now nearly 100 on the books. The Building affords ample room for 50 more, but for want of funds they cannot be received.

Children are admitted by election, on payment till elected, on purchase, on presentation, subject to the life of the donor.

A Cot for all time may be had for £450.

The Charity is in

URGENT NEED OF ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS AND DONATIONS.

Donations, Subscriptions, and Bequests are earnestly solicited, and will be gratefully received by Messrs. HERRIES & CO., Bankers, 16 St. James's Street, and by the SECRETARY, at the Offices, 12 Pall Mall, S.W., where all communications should be addressed.

WEMYSS, Chairman.

E. EVANS CRONK, Secretary.

St. Thomas's Hospital.

President:

H.R.H. the DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, K.G.

Treasurer:

J. G. WAINWRIGHT, Esq., J.P.

SPECIAL APPEAL FUND.

To be devoted to the opening for the reception of poor patients the Wards at present closed.

Contributions (large and small) are earnestly solicited. Donors of 50 guineas are qualified for election as Governors.

Cheques should be made payable to the Treasurer, crossed "Union Bank of London, Charing-cross," and addressed the Counting House, St. Thomas's Hospital, London, E.C.

URGENT DISTRESS; WRECKS AND LOSS OF LIFE.

"There is sorrow on the Sea."

THE SHIPWRECKED MARINERS' SOCIETY,

with nearly 1000 Agencies, annually relieves 10,000 persons.

The rescued sailor, fisherman, &c., is instantly cared for on the spot and sent home; the widow, orphan, &c., of the drowned immediately sought out and succoured; the distressed seafarer of every grade at once charitably assisted.

CONTRIBUTIONS APPEALED FOR.

Patron—THE QUEEN; Chairman of Committee, Vice-Admiral E. S. Adeane, C.M.G.; Secretary, W. R. Buck, Esq., Sailors' Home Chambers, Dock Street, E.

Telegrams—"Shipwrecked, London."

AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE THEATRE—Sir AUGUSTUS HARRIS, Lessee and Manager. ENGLISH OPERA AT POPULAR PRICES. For Full Particulars see Daily Papers. Box Office now open.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE—EVERY EVENING at 8.30, and SATURDAY MATINEES at 2.30, by arrangement with the Carl Rosa Opera Company, Humperdinck's Fairy Opera HANSEL AND GRETEL (in English). Box Office now open.

ST. JAMES'S—Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, Sole Lessee and Manager.—On MONDAY NEXT (Easter Monday) and EVERY EVENING at 9, a Trivial Comedy for Serious People, entitled, THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST. Preceded at 8.30 by IN THE SEASON. Doors open 8. Commence 8.30. Carriages 10.45. MATINEE, EASTER MONDAY, and SATURDAY, April 20th, at 3. Doors open 2.30. Box Office (Mr. Arnold) open Daily to till 4. Seats may be booked by letter, telegram, or telephone (3903), ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

CRYSTAL PALACE—TWENTIETH SATURDAY CONCERT, APRIL 20th, at 3. Vocalist, Madame Belle Cole; Violoncellist, Mr. W. H. Squire; The Grand Orchestra: Conductor, Mr. August Manns. The Programme will include Overture "Anacreo," Cherubini; Concerto for Violoncello and Orchestra (Saint Saens); Introduction and Isolden's Liebestod, "Tristan und Isolde" (Wagner), and Grand Symphony No. 9 in C (Schubert). Numbered Seats, 2s. and 4s.; Unnumbered, 1s.

NIAGARA HALL, St. James's Park Station.
[UNOLD'S PATENT. Most Successful in the World.]
REAL ICE SKATING. Ice always in perfect condition.
Daily 9.30 to 1. 3s. 3 to 6. 2s. 8 to 11.30. 1s.
Excellent Orchestra. First Class Restaurant. Open all day.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS,
Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East, S.W. 103rd EXHIBITION NOW OPEN
to till 6. Admission 1s.
ADAM E. PROCTOR, Hon. Sec.

CASH—Married Ladies deriving incomes under Will or Settlement, but who are restrained from anticipating same, in cases where it would be clearly for their benefit to borrow a sum of money in addition to their income, on reasonable terms, should without delay apply to P. B. WOOLDRIDGE, Esq., 3 South Square, Gray's Inn, W.C.

BLACK FOREST, GERMANY. August and September.
Cottage Residence to be LET Furnished to careful tenants (small family), picturesquely situated on the banks of a mountain Lake. Altitude 3000 feet, amongst the pines. Drainage excellent. Spring water supply pure and abundant. Rent £30 per month. Particulars and photographs, Kilmeny, Chelston, Torquay.

EDUCATIONAL.

ROYAL INDIAN ENGINEERING COLLEGE,
COOPER'S HILL, STAINES.
The COURSE OF STUDY is arranged to fit an ENGINEER for employment in Europe, India, and the Colonies. About FORTY STUDENTS will be admitted in September, 1895. The Secretary of State will offer them for competition Twelve Appointments as Assistant Engineers in the Public Works Department, and Three Appointments as Assistant Superintendents in the Telegraph Department.—For particulars apply to the SECRETARY, at the College.

CHELLENHAM COLLEGE—The ANNUAL EXAMINATION for SCHOLARSHIPS will be held on May 28, 29, 30. Eleven scholarships at least, of value ranging between £80 and £200 per annum, will be awarded. Chief subjects, Classics and Mathematics. Candidates must be under 15.—Apply to the Secretary, The College, Cheltenham.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL—An EXAMINATION to fill up not less than eight resident, five non-resident, Queen's Scholarships, and two valuable Exhibitions, will take place in July next. Detailed information may be obtained from the HEAD MASTER, Dean's Yard, Westminster.

BLUNDELL'S SCHOOL, Tiverton, Devon—Seven (or more) SCHOLARSHIPS, under 15, will be AWARDED after Examination to be held JUNE 20 and 21.—Particulars may be obtained from the HEAD MASTER.

TREBOVIR HOUSE SCHOOL, 1 & 3 Trebovir Road,
South Kensington, S.W. Advanced Classes for Girls and Elementary Classes for Children. Principal, Mrs. W. R. COLE. The Summer Term will commence Thursday, May 2nd. Prospectuses forwarded on application.

CENTRAL SCHOOL OF FOREIGN TONGUES.
HOWARD HOUSE, ARUNDEL STREET, TEMPLE.
SERIES METHOD.
The School aims at giving a thorough training in all branches of Modern Languages and Greek (Ancient). For Syllabus, apply THE SECRETARY. Explanatory Treatise, 6d., post free.

GROCERS' COMPANY.

MEDICAL RESEARCH SCHOLARSHIPS.

These Scholarships, three in number, each of the value of £250 and open only to British Subjects, have been instituted by the Company as an encouragement to the making of exact researches into the causes and prevention of important diseases. The Company appoint annually. At the next election one of the present scholars, should he renew his application, will be entitled to a preference. Applications may be made at any time before the end of April, by letter addressed to the CLERK OF THE COMPANY, Grocers' Hall, Prince's Street, E.C., from whom particulars may be obtained.
April, 1895.

RADLEY COLLEGE—SCHOLARSHIPS, 1895.—Two of £80, one of £50, one of £40. Examination begins July 17. For further information apply to the Rev. the WARDEN, Radley College, Abingdon.

GUY'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL.

THE SUMMER SESSION commences on MAY 1st, and students then entering are eligible for the Open Scholarships offered for competition on September 24th and the two following days.

The hospital contains 695 beds, of which 500 are in constant occupation. The House Physicians, House Surgeons, Dresserships, and all other appointments are given according to the merits of the candidates and without extra payment. Scholarships and prizes amounting in the aggregate to £550 are open for competition to all students. Special classes are held for examinations of the University of London.

FIVE ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS. Three Open Scholarships in Classics, Mathematics, and Modern Languages, one of the value of £100 open to candidates under twenty years of age, and two others of the value of £50 and £30 respectively open to candidates under twenty-five years of age. Two Open Scholarships in Chemistry, Physics, and Biology, one of the value of £150 and another of £60, open to candidates under twenty-five years of age.

For prospectus and further information apply to the Dean, Dr. L. E. SHAW, Guy's Hospital, London, S.E.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL AND COLLEGE.

ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS AND EXHIBITIONS.

An EXAMINATION will be held on SEPTEMBER 25th, 1895, and succeeding days, for the awarding of the following:

1. A Scholarship of £75 for one year to the best candidate in Chemistry and Physics who is under twenty-five years of age.
2. A Scholarship of £75 for one year to the best candidate in Biology (Animal and Vegetable) and Physiology who is under twenty-five years of age.

Candidates for these two Scholarships must not have entered to the Medical or Surgical Practice of any London Medical School.

3. A Scholarship of £150 and the Preliminary Scientific Exhibition of £50 each, tenable for one year, in Physics, Chemistry, Vegetable Biology, and Animal Biology. Candidates for these must be under twenty years of age, and must not have entered to the Medical or Surgical Practice at any Medical School.

4. Jeaffreson Exhibition of £21 for one year in Latin and Mathematics, with any one of the Languages—Greek, French, and German. (Classical books as in Matriculation of Univ. of London, June, 1895.) Candidates must not have entered at any Medical School.

The successful candidates in all cases will be required to enter to the full course at St. Bartholomew's Hospital in the October succeeding the Examination.

For full particulars apply to Dr. T. W. SHORE, Warden of the College, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, E.C.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the next Half-yearly Examination for MATRICULATION in this University will commence on MONDAY, the 10th of JUNE, 1895.—In addition to the Examination at the University, Provincial Examinations will be held at University College, Aberystwith; University College, Bangor; The Modern School, Bedford; Mason College, Birmingham; University College, Bristol; Dumfries College (for University College), Cardiff; The Ladies' College, Cheltenham (for Ladies only); St. Gregory's College, Downside; New College, Eastbourne; The Heriot-Watt College, Edinburgh; The Royal Medical College, Epsom; The Yorkshire College, Leeds; St. Edward's College, Liverpool; University College, Liverpool; The Owens College, Manchester; Rutherford College, Newcastle-on-Tyne; University College, Nottingham; The Public School, Plymouth; Convent of the Sacred Heart, Southampton; Firth College, Sheffield; Stonyhurst College; St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw; and St. Edmund's College, Ware.

Every Candidate is required to apply to the Registrar (University of London, Burlington Gardens, London, W.) for a Form of Entry not less than five weeks before the commencement of the Examination.

ARTHUR MILLMAN, M.A., LL.D.,

April 9th, 1895.

Registrar.

FREEHOLD GROUND RENTS, CITY OF LONDON.

The Commissioners of Sewers of the City of London will meet in the Guildhall of the said City on Tuesday the 21st of May, 1895, at Half-past One o'clock precisely, to receive Tenders for the purchase of the valuable Freehold Ground Rents and Reversions of premises as under, viz.:

Lots	7 to 13 Monument Street,	Ground Rent £1550 per annum.
" 27 to 35 "	" " "	2430 "
No. 61, 62 Gracechurch Street,	" " "	2010 "
No. 7 Warwick Lane,	" " "	175 "
No. 9 King Street, Aldgate,	" " "	92 "

Particulars and Plans of the Premises may be had at this Office, together with the conditions of sale.

Tenders must be sealed, endorsed outside "Tender for Freehold Ground Rent, Lots 7 to 13 Monument Street, &c." (stating the premises as the case may be), and be addressed to the undersigned at this Office, and must be delivered before one o'clock on the said day of treaty.

The Commissioners do not bind themselves to accept the highest or any Tender.

Persons sending in proposals must attend personally, or by a duly authorized agent, at Half-past One o'clock on the said day, and be then prepared (if their Tender be accepted) to pay the required deposit of 10 per cent. on the purchase-money, and to execute an agreement for the completion of the purchase agreeably to the conditions of sale.

H. MONTAGUE BATES,

Principal Clerk.

Sewers' Office, Guildhall,
26th March, 1895.

Remington Typewriter.

**YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO DO YOUR
WRITING IN THE OLD WAY.**

The daily use of the REMINGTON in the Royal Household is only another indication of its growing popularity, which is further evinced by the fact that our Machines are used in all Departments of Her Majesty's Service—10 REMINGTON'S being in use to 1 of all other makes combined.

**WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT,
100 GRACECHURCH STREET, E.C.**

THE
ROYAL WESTMINSTER OPHTHALMIC HOSPITAL,
19 King William Street, West Strand, W.C.

Founded in 1816, by the late G. J. GUTHRIE, Esq., F.R.S., for the Relief of Indigent Persons afflicted with Diseases of the Eye.

ENTIRELY SUPPORTED BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

Patrons.

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN.
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.

President—H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, K.G.

Chairman—SIR CHARLES TURNER, K.C.I.E.

Treasurers { G. B. HUDSON, Esq., M.P.
H. LINDSAY ANTROBUS, Esq.

THIS HOSPITAL receives the Indigent Poor on their own application, without Letters of Recommendation, and was the first to adopt this system of true Charity. Nearly 10,000 poor persons are relieved annually. It has afforded aid to upwards of 400,000 sufferers since its establishment.

There are 30 Beds available for In-Patients constantly occupied.

The undoubted fact that London is trending westward makes it every day more urgent that a large, perfectly constructed, and easily accessible Eye Hospital should be built to meet the imperative and constantly growing needs of the poor who come from all parts of the Metropolis and the United Kingdom.

The accommodation in the present building for both Out- and In-Patients is wholly inadequate to the daily increasing demand for relief. This will necessitate the rebuilding of the Hospital on a New Site, to provide which, and erect thereon an edifice replete with all the modern improvements rendered urgent by the rapid advance in Ophthalmic Science and Surgery, a sum of at least £50,000 will be required.

The Committee urgently appeal for New Annual Subscriptions for maintenance purposes, and they earnestly plead with the Benevolent to enable them to build the much-needed New Hospital.

Subscriptions and Donations should be sent to the Bankers, Messrs. Coutts & Co., Strand; Messrs. Drummond, Charing Cross; or to

T. BEATTIE-CAMPBELL, Secretary.

LEGACIES ARE ALSO ESPECIALLY SOLICITED.

BOOKS.

H. SOTHERAN & CO.

BOOKSELLERS, BOOKBINDERS, and PUBLISHERS.
GENERAL AGENTS FOR PRIVATE BOOKBUYERS & PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS IN INDIA, THE COLONIES, AMERICA, AND ABROAD.

A Monthly Catalogue; Specimen Number post free.

LIBRARIES PURCHASED OR VALUED; AND CATALOGUED AND ARRANGED
Telegraphic Address: BOOKMEN, LONDON. Code: UNICODS.
140 STRAND, W.C., and 37 PICCADILLY, W., LONDON.

494

SECOND EDITION.

ELDER CONKLIN; AND OTHER STORIES.

By FRANK HARRIS.

1 vol. price 6s.

Mr. COVENTRY PATMORE says:

"The manner or technical element in Mr. Harris's stories seems to me beyond criticism. The severity with which he confines himself to saying things, instead of talking about them, is wholly admirable. Kipling never did anything better than the two short stories, 'Eatin' Crow' and 'The Best Man in Garotte,' that is to say, the kind of thing—which was thoroughly worth doing—could not have been done better. The interest is human and heroic, and the execution perfect. . . . It requires an eye which has been sharpened by a life devoted to finish of expression to discern how great and vigorous have been the labour and faculty expended in this volume. It is a work of real and rare genius, greatly, to my thinking, misapplied. Morbid anatomy, except in so far as it helps by contrast to glorify health, has no place in true art; and a very large proportion of this book is devoted to morbid anatomy without any adequate presentation of the contrast of health."

Professor DOWDEN says:

"Demonstrations in spiritual anatomy—that is the most exact description which can be given in a word of Mr. Frank Harris's stories. They are not deficient in action, vigorously rendered into narrative; but the action is so contrived as to be essentially the deploying of character; and the narrator stands above and apart from both events and personages, laying bare muscle and nerve with an unflinching scalpel. The anatomist does not indulge in any tender emotion towards the subject of his demonstrations; but it is intensely interesting to remove the superficial layers and expose to view the deeper structures. A keen eye and a hand that can be both bold and nice are needed for success; neither rhetoric nor sentiment can assist the demonstrator."

TIMES.

"These ably conceived and ably written stories seem to rank the late editor of the *Fortnightly* and new editor of the *Saturday* among the 'realists.' But let us not be misunderstood. Three of the six are simply 'realistic' as every narrative of incident should be, and therefore of themselves hardly suggest a distinctive label for Mr. Frank Harris's work. They betray unmistakably the influence of Mr. Bret Harte; nor are we sure that that writer has given us more characteristic or graphic pictures of the society of frontier township and mining camp than we find in 'The Sheriff and his Partner,' 'Eatin' Crow,' and 'The Best Man in Garotte.' The three remaining stories—still American and of the Western States—are more complex. They are sufficiently rich in incident, but incident is subordinated to character, and the mind is strung up to high tension by the spectacle of warring impulses and tottering virtue."

DAILY CHRONICLE.

"Mr. Frank Harris's 'Elder Conklin'—perhaps the best piece of work of the year."

ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE.

"The literary form of the stories is on the whole excellent. His style is Gallic with its even fitness and sharp lucidity. It is perfectly unobtrusive in its terse, close simplicity—so simple and clear that you never notice it at all, and it becomes a mere transparent medium through which the characters are seen in relief as if cut upon a cameo. But there is no denying the vivid realism with which he makes his figures move and talk, or the dramatic force with which he enables us to see the motives and actions of such characters as Gulmore the Boss, Elder Conklin, and Mr. Letgood. 'The Modern Idyl' is the singularly powerful story which first revealed Mr. Harris's ability when it appeared in the pages of the *Fortnightly*. It is even less pleasant to read than any of the others; but there is extraordinary force in the realization of the character of the Parson, with its strange mixture of pietism and sensuality."

ATHENÆUM.

"The men and women live and move and have their being with that sort of aching, overcharged emotionalism which we experience only for ourselves or others in moments of the keenest mental tension. Balm, no doubt, could have drawn such a figure as Elder Conklin—so stoutly pathetic, so hopelessly repellent in its tearless agony of bewildered frustration. To have put beside him such an incarnation of healthy, youthful, and lovely feminine animality as his daughter Loo is, indeed, a triumph in creative workmanship."

SPEAKER.

"That Mr. Frank Harris can write an admirable story was proved some years ago when he published the tale called 'A Modern Idyl,' in the *Fortnightly Review*. 'Elder Conklin' is a collection of his tales, all dealing with life in the Far West of America, and all distinguished by the vigour and power which marked his story in the *Fortnightly*. That he has taken Mr. Bret Harte as his model is obvious, but that only leads us to congratulate him on the good taste he has shown in his choice of an exemplar. Nor must it be supposed that he is a slavish copyist. There is the atmosphere of the West in all the stories, whilst the incidents are fresh and striking. If Mr. Harris goes on as he has begun, he need not fear comparison with any living writer of short tales."

PALL MALL GAZETTE.

"Saner judgment will pronounce the book merely better than other books that are themselves not bad. . . . Mr. Harris's speciality lies in grafting on to the outward world of Bret Harte an inward world of conflicting motive and fine-drawn analysis. . . . Only in the first story does Mr. Harris's method quite succeed, and the result is admirable. The characters are clearly defined and combined with great skill. They breathe genuineness and truth. There is force, and pathos too, in the story of Bancroft and Loo Conklin, although some of the power of the melody is lost in the minor key."

LONDON: WILLIAM HEINEMANN,
21 Bedford Street, Strand.

BOOKS.—HATCHARDS, Booksellers to the Queen,
187 Piccadilly, W.—Libraries entirely Fitted up, Arranged, and Catalogued.
All the New and Standard Books, Bibles, Prayer books, &c. New choice Bindings
for Presents. Post orders promptly executed. Usual cash discounts.

READY APRIL 8th.

NEW BOOK BY THE AUTHOR OF "TIPCAT," "LADDIE," &c.

DON.

With Frontispiece by J. FINNEMORE.

In large crown 8vo, antique cloth extra, price 5s.

A NEW HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE COAST.

By DAVID LAWSON JOHNSTONE,

Author of "The Rebel Commodore," &c.

Large crown 8vo, antique cloth extra, price 5s.

W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

READY THIS DAY at all BOOKSELLERS'. NEW NOVEL by TOLSTOI.

MASTER AND MAN. By Count LEO
TOLSTOI. PRICE ONE SHILLING.

CHAPMAN & HALL, LIMITED, LONDON.

LONDON LIBRARY, ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, S.W.

President—LESLIE STEPHEN, Esq.
Vice-Presidents—Rt. Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P. The Very Rev. the DEAN OF
LONDON, Sir E. H. BURNLEY, Bart., Sir HENRY BARKLEY, K.C.B.
Trustees—Right Hon. Sir M. GRANT DUFF,
Right Hon. Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, Bart., Right Hon. EARL OF ROSEBURY.
The Library contains about 170,000 Volumes of Ancient and Modern Literature, in various
Languages. Subscription, £3 a year; Life Membership, according to age. Fifteen Volumes
are allowed to Country and Ten to Town Members. Reading Room open from Ten to Half-past
Six. Catalogue, Fifth Edition, 2 vols. royal 8vo, price 5s.; to Members, 16s.
C. T. HAGBERG WRIGHT, Secretary and Librarian.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.

THE ARMENIAN CRISIS IN TURKEY: The Massacre
of 1894; its Antecedents and Significance, together with some of the
factors which enter into the solution of this phase of the Eastern Question.
By FREDERICK D. GREENE, M.A. With 19 Illustrations and
1 Map. Crown 8vo, 200 pages, paper 1s. 6d., cloth 2s.

"HEROES OF THE NATIONS" SERIES.

Illustrated with numerous full-page Plates and Maps. Crown 8vo,
cloth gilt, 5s.; roxburgh, 6s.

NEW VOLUME.

**PRINCE HENRY THE NAVIGATOR, THE HERO OF
PORTUGAL, and of MODERN DISCOVERY.** By C. RAYMOND
BEAZLEY, M.A., F.R.G.S., Fellow of Merton College, Oxford.

Previously issued:

Nelson—Gustavus Adolphus—Pericles—Theodoric—Sir Philip Sidney—
Julius Caesar—John Wyclif—Napoleon—Henry of Navarre—Cicero—
Lincoln.

THE WRITINGS OF THOMAS PAINE: Political,
Sociological, Religious, and Literary. Collected, Edited, and Chrono-
logically arranged by MONCURE D. CONWAY. In course of Publication;
4 vols. royal 8vo, gilt tops, 12s. 6d. each. Uniform with the
Editor's "Life of Paine."

Vol. 3, 1791-1804 (next week).

Previously issued:

Vol. 1, 1774-1779. Vol. 2, 1779-1792.

NEW EDITION.

HISTORY OF POLITICAL ECONOMY IN EUROPE.
By JÉRÔME ADOLPHE BLANQUI. Translated by EMILY J. LEONARD,
with an Introduction by the Hon. DAVID A. WELLS. 8vo cloth, 12s. 6d.

LONDON AND NEW YORK.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW sent by post at following
rates per annum, paid in advance.

Any part of the United Kingdom.....£1 8 2

All other parts of the World.....1 10 4

Copies for India, China, Borneo, Burmah, Ceylon, Egypt, Mombasa,
Zanzibar, Australia, and New Zealand are now posted in advance, and
catch the Friday evening's mail.

WM. DAWSON & SONS, LIMITED, Successors to

STEEL & JONES, 23, Craven Street, Strand, London, W.C.

MR. MURRAY'S NEWEST BOOKS.

Crown 8vo, 6s.

SUNSHINE AND HAAR.

Some Further Glimpses into the Life at Barnraig.

By GABRIEL SETOUN,
Author of "Barnraig."

"A second book from the author of 'Barnraig' should convince those
left unpersuaded by the earlier volume—if any such there be—that
a new writer has come among us with a notable gift of sympathy and
insight into the hearts and lives of homely people."—*Scotsman*.

"Sunshine and Haar" deserves, and will undoubtedly receive, an
appreciative welcome from the reading public."—*Dundee Advertiser*.

"The book bears the stamp of keen and trained power of observation,
and a sense of locality and insight into local traits and character, and of
skill in the use of local dialect as rare as they are delightful."

Edinburgh Evening Dispatch.

Words and Music, crown 8vo, 9s.

A SELECTION OF THE

SONGS OF LADY DUFFERIN

(Countess of Gifford)

Set to Music by Herself and Others.

A Companion Volume to "Songs, Poems and Verses."

Small crown 8vo, 6s.

PROGRESSIVE REVELATION;

Or, Through Nature to God.

By E. M. CAILLARD,

Author of "Electricity," "The Invisible Powers of Nature," &c.

Crown 8vo, 5s.

HISTORY OF RELIGION.

*A Sketch of Primitive Religious Beliefs and Practices, and of the Origin
and Character of the Great Systems.*

By ALLAN MENZIES, D.D.

* * This book is sold both as a Library Book and as one of the Series of
University Extension Manuals, edited by Professor Knight of St. Andrews
University.

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street.

CHAPMAN'S MAGAZINE OF FICTION.

Edited by OSWALD CRAWFORD.

A NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE. PRICE SIXPENCE.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL will bring out on May 1,
a non-illustrated Magazine, intended by them to be the counterpart,
as to size, shape, and quality, in fiction, of what their *Fortnightly Review* is
in essay writing.

CHAPMAN'S MAGAZINE will contain contributions from
the following Novel writers among many others. The order of names
is alphabetical:

Grant Allen	Anthony Hope	Barry Pain
E. F. Benson	E. R. Hornung	Gilbert Parker
Walter Besant	Violet Hunt	James Payn
Mrs. Clifford	Henry James	Eden Phillpotts
S. R. Crockett	J. K. Jerome	Richard Pryce
Mrs. Croker	Rudyard Kipling	W. Clark Russell
George Gissing	Mrs. Lynn Linton	Mrs. Flora Annie Steele
Hamilton-Aldé	Ian Maclaren	Florence Warden
Thomas Hardy	Frankfort Moore	Marriott Watson
Beatrice Harraden	George Moore	Stanley Weyman
Bret Harte	W. E. Norris	I. Zangwill
John Oliver Hobbes		

CHAPMAN'S MAGAZINE. Contents of No. 1.—

BRET HARTE: First Part of a Serial Novel.

ANTHONY HOPE: a Set of Dialogues.

JAMES PAYN: a Short Humorous Story.

STANLEY WEYMAN: a Romantic Drama.

INSPECTOR BATTLE (of the Criminal Investigation Department): His

Experiences—Part I.

FRANKFORT MOORE: a Story of London Life.

VIOLET HUNT: First Part of a Serial Novel.

JOHN DAVIDSON: a New Ballad in forty-nine quatrains.

CHAPMAN'S MAGAZINE represents a fresh departure in
Novel production, for the Publishers are offering to the public, at the
price of Sixpence, a monthly volume of fiction, by the first authors of Great
Britain and America, equivalent in amount of reading matter to an ordinary
6s. novel.

CHAPMAN'S MAGAZINE. Subscription for one year,
6s., or by post, in the United Kingdom, 9s., paid in advance to the
Publishers.

CHAPMAN'S MAGAZINE can be obtained at all stationers',
newsagents', and bookstalls in the United Kingdom.

CHAPMAN & HALL, LIMITED,

11 HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, W.C.

SMITH, ELDER & CO.'S PUBLICATIONS

NEW STORIES BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD AND S. R. CROCKETT.

NOTICE.—The May, June, and July Numbers of the CORNHILL MAGAZINE

WILL CONTAIN

A NEW STORY by Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD, entitled, "The Story of Bessie Costrell,"

And in the July Number will begin

A NEW SERIAL STORY by S. R. CROCKETT, Author of "The Raiders," "The Stickit Minister," &c., entitled, "The Progress of Cleg Kelly."

. The May Number will be ready at all Booksellers and Newsagents on May 25th. Price Sixpence.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF MR. JUSTICE STEPHEN.

In May. With 2 Portraits. Demy 8vo, 16s.

THE LIFE OF SIR JAMES FITZJAMES

STEPHEN, K.C.S.I. By his Brother LESLIE STEPHEN.

In the Press. Crown 8vo.

GERALD EVERSLEY'S FRIENDSHIP. By

the Rev. J. E. C. WELLDON, Head Master of Harrow.

In the Press. Crown 8vo, 6s. net.

RENAISSANCE STUDIES AND FANCIES.

By VERNON LEE, Author of "Euphorion, Antique and Medieval in Renaissance," &c.

In the Press. Crown 8vo, 6s.

OFF THE MILL. By the Rev. G. F. BROWNE,

D.C.L., Bishop Elect of Stepney.

In the Press. Crown 8vo, 4s.

FIFTY YEARS; or, Dead Leaves and Living Seeds.

By the Rev. HARRY JONES, Prebendary of St. Paul's, Author of "Holiday Papers," "East and West London," &c.

Now Ready. In 2 vols. crown 8vo, with Maps, 16s.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By

E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS, D.D., LL.D., President of the Brown University.

NEW VOLUME OF "THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY."

Just Published. Price 15s. net. in cloth; or in half-morocco, marbled edges, 20s. net.

Volume XLIII. (O'DUINN—OWEN) of the

DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY. Edited by SIDNEY LEE. Volume I. was published on January 1, 1885, and a further volume will be issued quarterly until the completion of the work.

NOTE.—A Full Prospectus of "The Dictionary of National Biography," with Specimen Pages, may be had upon application.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A MILITARY LIFE.

By General Sir JOHN ADYE, G.C.B., R.A., late Governor of Gibraltar. With Illustrations by the Author. Demy 8vo, 14s. net.

In the Press. Crown 8vo.

OUR SQUARE AND CIRCLE; or, The Annals of a Little London House. By "JACK EASEL," sometime Punch's Roving Correspondent.

SECOND EDITION, with Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

IN STEVENSON'S SAMOA. By MARIE FRASER.

On April 25th. Crown 8vo, 6s.

A FATAL RESERVATION. By R. O. PROWSE, Author of "The Poison of Asps," &c.

CHEAP POPULAR NOVELS FOR HOLIDAY READING. BY WELL-KNOWN AUTHORS.

Handy Volumes, printed in clear, bold type, on good paper. Each Work Complete in One Volume.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MOLLY BAWN."

Fcap. 8vo, Pictorial Boards, 2s.; or limp red cloth, 2s. 6d. each.

Molly Bawn.

Phyllis.

Mrs. Geoffrey.

Aisy Fairy Lillian.

Rossmoyne.

Doris.

Portia.

Beauty's Daughters.

Green Pleasures and Grey

Grief.

Faith and Unfaith.

Lady Brankmarere.

Loys, Lord Berresford, and

other Tales.

Undercurrents.

BY HOLME LEE.

Fcap. 8vo, Pictorial Boards, 2s.; or limp red cloth, 2s. 6d. each.

Against Wind and Tide.

Sylvan Holt's Daughter.

Kathie Brande.

Warp and Woof.

Annie Warleigh's Fortunes.

The Workbank Diary.

Basil Godfrey's Caprice.

Maude Talbot.

Country Stories.

Katherine's Trial.

Mr. Wynyard's Ward.

The Beautiful Miss Harrington.

Ben Milner's Wooing.

BY GEORGE GISSING.

Fcap. 8vo, Pictorial Boards, 2s.; or limp red cloth, 2s. 6d. each.

Damos: a Story of Socialist Life in

England.

A Life's Morning.

Thyrza.

The Nether World.

New Crab Street.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH."

Fcap. 8vo, Pictorial Boards, 2s.; or limp red cloth, 2s. 6d. each.

Mehalah: a Story of the Salt

Marshes.

Court Royal.

John Herring: a West of England

Romance.

The Gaverocks.

Richard Cable, the Light-

shipman.

BY W. E. NORRIS.

Fcap. 8vo, Pictorial Boards, 2s.; or limp red cloth, 2s. 6d. each.

Heaps of Money.

Matrimony.

No New Thing.

Mademoiselle de Mersac.

Adrian Vidal.

BY HAMILTON AIDE.

Fcap. 8vo, Pictorial Boards, 2s.; or limp red cloth, 2s. 6d. each.

In that State of Life.

Penruddocke.

Morals and Mysteries.

Mr. and Mrs. Falconbridge.

By the AUTHOR of "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

Fcap. 8vo, Pictorial Boards, 2s.; or limp red cloth, 2s. 6d. each.

Romantic Tales.

Domestic Stories.

BY THE SISTERS BRONTË.

Fcap. 8vo, limp green cloth; or cloth boards, gilt top, 2s. 6d. each.

Jane Eyre.

Shirley.

The Professor, and Poems.

Wuthering Heights, and

Agnes Grey.

Villette.

The Tenant of Wildfell Hall.

. Also the LIBRARY EDITION, in 7 volumes, crown 8vo, illustrated, 5s. each; and the POCKET EDITION, with Frontispiece to each Volume, bound in half-cloth, with cut or uncut edges, 1s. 6d. each; or the Set of 7 volumes bound in cloth, with gilt top, in gold-lettered cloth case, 12s. 6d.

BY MRS. GASKELL.

Fcap. 8vo, limp green cloth; or cloth boards, gilt top, 2s. 6d. each.

Wives and Daughters.

North and South.

Sylvia's Lovers.

Cranford, and Other Tales.

Mary Barton, and Other Tales.

Ruth, and Other Tales.

Lizzie Leigh, and Other Tales.

Life of Charlotte Brontë.

. Also the POCKET EDITION, in 8 volumes, small fcap. 8vo, bound in half-cloth, cut or uncut edges, 1s. 6d. per volume; or the Set of 8 volumes bound in cloth, with gilt top, in gold-lettered cloth case, 14s.; and the ILLUSTRATED EDITION, 7 volumes, crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. each.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

Fcap. 8vo, limp green cloth; or cloth boards, gilt top, 2s. 6d. each.

Imagination and Fancy.

The Town. Illustrated.

Wit and Humour.

Autobiography of Leigh

Hunt.

Men, Women, and Books.

A Jar of Honey from Mount

Hybla.

Table Talk.

Also, Uniform with the above, a large number of Novels by Popular Writers

And in crown 8vo size, limp red cloth, 2s. 6d. each.

Vice Versa. By F. ANSTEV.

Jess. By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

A Bride from the Bush. By

E. W. HORNUNG.

A Fallen Idol. By F. ANSTEV.

The Giant's Robe. By F. ANSTEV.

The Pariah. By F. ANSTEV.

The Talking Horse, and Other

Tales. By F. ANSTEV.

The Story of Abibah the

Tsoorian. Edited by Val C.

FRINSEY, A.R.A.

Holiday Papers. 2nd Series. By

the Rev. HARRY JONES.

Messrs. SMITH, ELDER & CO. will be happy to send, post free on application, a copy of their Catalogue containing a list of 1/-, 1/6, 2/-, 2/6, 3/6, 5/-, and 6/- Popular Novels, together with a large number of Miscellaneous Works.

London: SMITH, ELDER & CO., 15 Waterloo Place, S.W.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

Printed by BALLANTYNE, HANSON & CO., at 14 Tavistock Street, and Published by ALFRED CUTHBERT DAVIES at the Office, No. 38 Southampton Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the County of London.—Saturday, 13 April, 1895.